

# The New Zealand Graphic

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*Fowler, photo. Onehunga.*

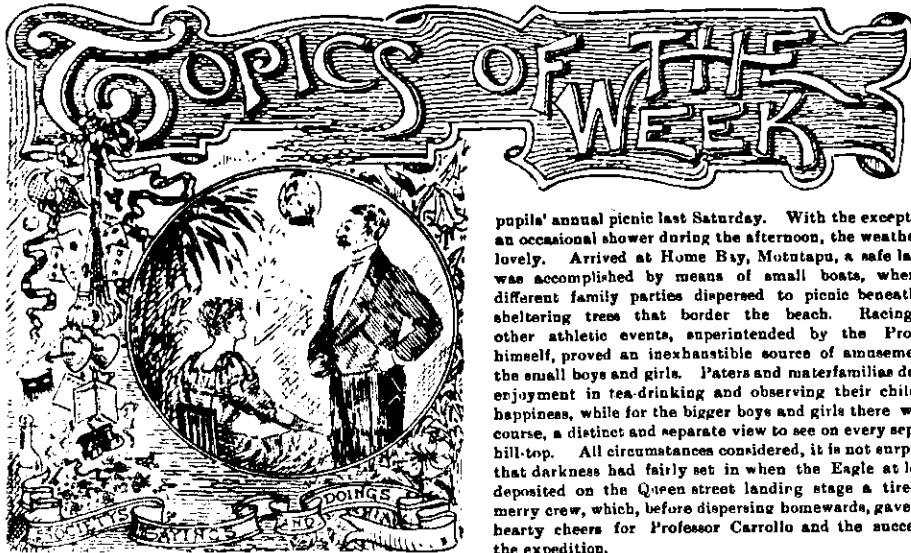
THE WORLD'S FIRST LADY MAYOR.

MRS YATES,

MAYOR OF ONEHUNGA—ELECTED NOVEMBER 29TH, 1893.—See page 507.

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**H**M.S. CURAÇOA left Auckland on Saturday amid multitudinous wishes for a pleasant time in Lyttelton—where she will have arrived ere this—and a speedy return. Captain and Mrs Gibson and the officers of the Curaçoa generally have made themselves exceedingly popular in the northern capital, and the regret is generally expressed that they could not be in Auckland to share in the festivities of the Christmas and New Year Racing Carnival. During the last week of their stay the Variety Company of the Curaçoa gave a most excellent entertainment in the City Hall, an entertainment which the good people of Christchurch should use their most persuasive arts to have repeated in their city for one or other of the local charities. The programme was long, varied, and most enjoyable. The comic songs by Lieutenant Warren, Mr Denyer, and Mr Slowly were particularly good, and so were the choruses as sung by an enthusiastic dress circle audience led by naval experts. Amongst the audience were Lord Kelburne, the Hon. J. G. Ward (Colonial Treasurer), and later in the evening Mr and Mrs Bland Holt, Miss Ireland, and the principal members of the Bland Holt Company. Dr. Purchas (senior) regretted that the audience was not larger, and proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Curaçoa officers and men. This was carried by acclamation. The concert was in every respect most enjoyable, as was the dance with which the affair terminated. For some reason or another the audience was fair only. Society has had rather much theatre and concert-going of late, but great regret is expressed by those who did not attend that there was not a second night. Should the entertainment be given in Christchurch, it has the warmest recommendation from Auckland. It deserves and should draw a bumper house anywhere.

WATCHING the very admirable fooling of the blue jackets at the aforementioned entertainment, the single-stick skirmish, the boxing, the knockabout nonsense and the nigger business, the patriotic individual of an imaginative turn might cause himself a satisfactory thrill of pride by suddenly transferring himself to the deck of H.M.S. Victoria during those awful three minutes before she sank. These men, apparently thinking of nothing but frivolity, dippancy, flirting and fooling, are the same as those who faced a fearful death with such calm bravery that we still catch our breath at the memory of it. These light-hearted, irresponsible, overgrown children—for Jack ashore is more like that than anything else—are those whom danger will transfer into the heroes to whom duty and discipline are more mighty than death in a most hideous form. How it affected other people I know not. Perhaps few thought of it, but in the case of the writer the remembrance of this put a vigour into his applause which left its mark on his hands next day.

THE Hon. J. G. Ward made the most of his short visit to Auckland, and, with his wonted energy, compressed a large amount of business and pleasure into a small space. Deputations and visitors were deftly worked in with peeps at Mr Nathan's ostrich farm; a trip up the harbour to Riverhead; an afternoon at the Curaçoa and Auckland Polo Club's match; a run over to Takapuna; watching the Wellington-Auckland cricket match in the Domain, and sandwiched in between all these outings were critical and commendatory visits to the Free Library, Gallery, Museum, and other places of interest.

MEN may come and men may go, but Professor Carrollo's popularity goes on forever. The steamer Eagle had need of every inch of her expansive deck and all her steadiness to accommodate with comfort and safety as she did the numbers of people—big and little—who flocked to his

pupils' annual picnic last Saturday. With the exception of an occasional shower during the afternoon, the weather was lovely. Arrived at Home Bay, Mountapu, a safe landing was accomplished by means of small boats, when the different family parties dispersed to picnic beneath the sheltering trees that border the beach. Racing and other athletic events, superintended by the Professor himself, proved an inexhaustible source of amusement to the small boys and girls. Paters and materfamilias derived enjoyment in tea-drinking and observing their children's happiness, while for the bigger boys and girls there was, of course, a distinct and separate view to see on every separate hill-top. All circumstances considered, it is not surprising that darkness had fairly set in when the Eagle at length deposited on the Queen street landing stage a tired but merry crew, which, before dispersing homewards, gave three hearty cheers for Professor Carrollo and the success of the expedition.

THE only incident which occurred to mar the enjoyment of the afternoon, was the accident which befel Mrs Thea Cotter. It seems that the large boat conveying passengers from the steamer to the small landing stage contained almost six inches of water. Naturally Mrs Cotter, not having waterproof boots on, elected to take the small dingy. The gentleman who offered to pilot her ashore was leaning forward in the small boat and holding on to the steamer. With the slight list thus given, the addition of the lady's weight on the same side caused the dingy to capsize, and immediately both occupants were in the water. It is not true that Mrs Cotter fainted. She behaved most pluckily, though she had a very narrow escape, and her many friends will be glad to hear is none the worse for her sudden immersion. Unfortunately, her day's pleasure was quite spoilt, and she had to remain on the steamer from three o'clock until eight, as there was no other means of returning to Auckland.

AN Athletic Carnival was held by Dr. McArthur's pupils in the Auckland Domain on Friday afternoon. The genial principal himself was the life and soul of the proceedings, superintending the various events, and directing affairs generally. Afternoon tea was provided for the refreshment of the many enthusiastic lady friends who thronged the pavilion, while happy, familiar airs were wafted to their ears from the Artillery Band below. The list of athletic successes has already appeared in the daily papers. We will only add that all the races were well and fairly contested, and the youthful winners fully deserved the praise bestowed upon them as heroes of the day.

THE visit of a duly-qualified medical lady to Auckland has naturally excited a good deal of interest. Dr. Eliza Frikart, who has established herself permanently in Wellington, has, at the request of many sufferers, left her practice there for the purpose of seeing patients in the northern city. Her stay will only be until December 22nd, so that those who wish to consult her should call at Mrs Cruickshank's, 'Sonoma', Princes-street, at as early a date as possible. Dr. Frikart has pleasant, reassuring manners, and her quiet, business-like way of treating her patients must tend to establish a feeling of confidence in her, which will prove very attractive to the many who always seem alarmed at the idea of imparting the tale of their sufferings to a medical man. Dr. Frikart is sure to be very successful in Auckland, despite the excellent doctors that city already possesses.

ROUGH and boisterous weather, showers, and a chilly wind detracted somewhat from the enjoyability of the Judge's Bay Regatta this year, that popular water carnival scarcely achieving so signal a success as usual. The stiff breeze blowing down the harbour made rowing next to impossible, and the results of the gig races cannot in any of the events be taken as fair and definite tests. The beaten crews in all cases complain of hard luck, and the wins scored are probably indicative of good luck rather than good rowing—so, at least, say the losers. But if death to rowing, the wind made the afternoon an ideal one from a yachting point of view, and the sailing races were well worth watching. Unfortunately, a lamentable amount of burglary occurred over the starting of the sailing races, more especially the second and third events. Whose was the blame is a very vexed question. *On dit* that the starter himself was late at his post, and that this caused the muddle. That the races were late in starting is certainly a fact, and that the starts were villainous is another. Great blame attaches to some scatterbrained idiot on the flagship who took upon himself to start the Annahera, informing her that the

others had gone. Nobody seems to remember who the addled muddler was, but he earned the hearty execrations of everyone present. The Rotomahana was, unfortunately, the only available steamer for a flagship. She was not, however, uncomfortably overcrowded, and the stewards and men were most obliging in attending to the wants of the ladies at afternoon tea time. The arrangements on board were indeed excellent. The band played a fine selection of popular music, and there was a notable absence of that ennu and boredom which are so often characteristic of the lag end of a regatta afternoon, so far as the flagship is concerned. The greasy boom attracted several competitors and excited keen interest and great amusement. The affair soon settled itself into a match between Messrs Hull and Morton, who were both wonderfully clever at sliding. Ultimately Mr Hull won, Mr Mortou deserving a big drink from the two gallon cask of beer which formed the prize.

ON the beach at Judge's Bay a very large crowd of spectators assembled, and Campbell's Point and the cliffs round the bay were thronged with spectators. The scene in the harbour was a most picturesque one, and must have been admired by our American visitors on the mail steamer Moowai which lay at the Queen street Wharf all the afternoon. St. George's had hard luck in the senior gig race swamping off the Railway Wharf. Great interest will centre in this race when the crews meet on a fine day, and when neither suffers an accident. At present each club has its adherents, who declare their seniors would beat the other. On paper the Auckland crew is unquestionably the better, but there is a sort of impression that the St. George's would pull off the race by the skin of their teeth, owing to superior training.

GIVEN a fine night—almost a certainty with an almost full moon in Christmas week—the commodious Eagle will be hard put to it to find accommodation for the crowd who will flock to the complimentary moonlight concert to Mr A. Towsey, of the Auckland Orchestral Union. Dunedinites will be glad to hear of the unqualified success achieved in the North by their old friend. He came, he conducted, and he conquered. Like everyone else, I most heartily wish the genial musician's concert may be a pronounced financial success. It should be clearly understood, by the way, that Mr Towsey is the recipient of a compliment. He did not arrange the concert for himself in any shape or form, and beyond the fact that it is tendered to him, has nothing to do with the affair.

A VERY pleasant afternoon was spent by members and visitors at the opening of the New Ponsoby Bowling Green on Saturday afternoon. There were in all eighty bowlers on the ground, half being members of the Ponsoby Club and half members of the Auckland Club, come over to give their West End friends a good 'start off.' Afternoon tea was provided for the ladies in a tent erected on the ground, and something of a stronger nature was dispensed in the pavilion. The weather being fine, everything went off satisfactorily, and the opening of the new green was proclaimed by unanimous vote a complete success.

IT is to be hoped that all Aucklanders will see their way to getting out to Potter's Paddock next Saturday in order to recompense the Agricultural Association for their recent ill luck and heavy loss. To go will be the best way of encouraging the farming interest.

IT is socially true that the wind must indeed be an ill one which blows nobody any good. The weather for Mrs Edwin Hesketh's tennis party on Thursday, at 'St John's', Epsom, was most threatening, and the wise hostess, seeing that outdoor amusements were likely to have more than a sprinkling of cold water thrown on them, sent word to all her invited guests, in Auckland and suburbs, telling them that an evening dance was to be substituted for the afternoon's tennis. This change of programme created great satisfaction, for are not dances becoming as scarce as tennis is fashionable? The imprudent affair proved most enjoyable, and there were no complaints ament the weather.

MRS CHEESEMAN, of 'Marmia', Mountain Road, Remuera, gave a large garden party on Friday afternoon. It was her first of the season, and though the weather looked threatening and stormy in the morning, it cleared up in the afternoon delightfully, leaving nothing more to be desired. Mr and Mrs Cheeseman were ably assisted to entertain their numerous guests by her two sisters, the Misses Keating. During the afternoon many of the guests wandered round the beautifully kept garden and lawn, and admired the rare flowers and shrubs which bloom there in great variety, while others of the more indolent disposition rested on the rustic seats, which were picturesquely arranged about the lawn, and listened to the delightful strains of music which were rendered by many of the guests during the afternoon in a room that overlooked the lawn. Lord Kelburn and several of the officers of the H.M.S. Curaçoa were present. The tea table was quite a work of art. Grass-green silk was arranged in art folds, with vases of white and yellow daisies, and laden with the most tempting viands—large red strawberries, trifles, jellies, sweets, etc. After tea a photograph was taken of the house and guests.

# THE WORLD'S FIRST LADY MAYOR.

MRS YATES, MAYOR OF ONEHUNGA.

AN INTERVIEW.—See Illustration Front Page.

IN a one-storied, verandahed, and garden-girt villa in one of the quietest byways of quiet Onehunga lives the first lady Mayor of the British Empire—Mrs Yates, Mayor of Onehunga. Students of human nature who delight in forming theoretic ideas of character from the surroundings of the subject under their examination would be puzzled to find any distinguishing trait so far as the exterior of the house is concerned. It is the likeness of so many of our New Zealand homes—a small and compact cottage villa, its front garden fragrant with flowers, and its windows gladdened with a lovely view of blue waters and cloud-flecked skies. Yet assuredly

MRS YATES IS NO ORDINARY WOMAN.

Just as there are men whose heads and faces give one an immediate impression of strength and broad intellectuality far above the average, so there are women, and the lady Mayor of Onehunga is one of them.

It is needless to describe the personal appearance of Mrs Yates at any length. On the front page is reproduced the photograph specially taken by Mr Pegler, of Onehunga, an admirable and faithful likeness. It will be seen that Mrs Yates is not by any means the masculine-looking personage most people would picture to themselves. As a matter of fact, the set expression, inevitable in the very best photographs, makes Mrs Yates appear a trifle more stern looking than she is. Even in repose, her face is not of the hard, business type we have been accustomed to associate with the leaders of the woman movement, and when mobile, reflecting the play of interests and emotions, is

A KINDLY AND VERY WOMANLY FACE.

Neither may you catch any glimpse of masculinity about her attire. It is useful, and in the present mode. That the advanced school of dress reformers have yet to convert Mrs Yates is comfortably and agreeably evident.

Though naturally very busy attending to the deluge of correspondence which has fallen on her since her election, the Mayor very kindly afforded a GRAPHIC interviewer a long and most interesting conversation. The pretty drawing room in which the interview took place was an eminently feminine retreat, containing no indication that the home of a lady devoted to political and municipal matters was or need be one whit less homelike and pretty than that of the society child-wife whom Ibsen characterized in the 'Doll's House,' and Dickens in 'David Copperfield.'

'I have ALWAYS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN POLITICS AND BOROUGH AFFAIRS.'

said Mrs Yates, in answer to a ground-breaking query, 'and cannot say that any special event ever turned my attention that way. When Mr Yates entered the Borough Council at Onehunga that interest was, of course, increased, and when he was for four successive terms elected Mayor I was able to be of considerable assistance to him, and enjoyed helping him in the exceptionally hard work of that time. When Mr Yates retired, consequent on ill-health, I

THOUGHT OF STANDING FOR MAYOR SOME YEARS AGO, but my husband did not care that I should do so at that time. I should not have done so probably this time but that there seemed no chance of the right sort of man coming forward to contest the seat with the retiring mayor, with whose policy I, with many others, did not agree.

I WAS ASKED TO STAND FOR MAYOR, I DID, AND WAS ELECTED.'

Mrs Yates was not greatly concerned over the affair. She wished to get in, as she has a strong belief she can do good, providing the cordial co-operation of the councillors is extended to her, but she in no way attempted to influence the electors by canvass. Directly the result became known

SCORES OF CONGRATULATIONS POURED IN.

They came from all sorts and conditions of men, from members of Parliament, from women, from men, and a long CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAM FROM MR SEDDON.

'The New Zealand Parliament,' so ran the Premier's wire, 'led the van in granting the franchise to ladies. It was reserved for the burgesses of Onehunga to elect the first Lady Mayor in the British Empire. I heartily congratulate you in having attained that great distinction.'

'R. J. SEDDON.'

This telegram and the others were shown with honest and natural pride. But the most interesting letter is from a member of the Auckland Union Parliament, of which, it will be remembered, Mrs Yates was the first lady member. The letter congratulates her on being the first lady Mayor, but points out that there have been

LADIES ON THE BENCH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VIII., sat on the bench as a Justice of the Peace. Lady Anne of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery sat on the bench as Hereditary Sheriff in the reign of Henry VIII. At the Appleby Assize she took her seat on the bench with the Judge and forwarded the course of justice. In the same century the Harleian MSS relates that Morris Berkeley, Nicholas Points and a riotous company of their servants entered the park of Lady Berkeley and killed some deer and set a hay rick on fire. The Lady Berkeley repaired to Court and made her complaint, when the King granted her a special commission under the great seal to enquire into these riots and misdemeanours. Lady Berkeley herself was made one of the Commissioners. She returned to Gloucester, opened the commission, and sat on the bench at the public sessions. But these are the illustrious dead, and Mrs Yates is the only lady Justice in the British Dominions with the single exception of the Queen herself.

A COINCIDENCE: DECEMBER HER LUCKY MONTH.

By a curious coincidence December has been connected with the three most important events in the life of Mrs Yates. In December, 1853, she arrived in New Zealand from Home. In December, 1875, she married Mr Yates. In December, 1893, she is installed Mayor of Onehunga. It may be here mentioned that besides being first Lady Mayor of Onehunga, Mrs Yates was the first lady in that electorate to record her vote under the new Franchise Act.

It was inevitable that the conversation should turn on the affairs of the Borough. At present, owing to what Mrs Yates considers a reign of extravagance, the outlook is rather gloomy, but the new Mayor has set her mind on putting the Borough to rights, and is determined to do it.

A MUNICIPAL REFORMER—MORE WORK AND LESS WORDS.

Mrs Yates is ardent for certain reforms, more especially a more systematic and less talkative manner of doing business. 'I am most anxious,' she says, 'to make a change in the way business is carried on. There is both in borough councils, and in Parliament, too, a great deal too much talk. I would do what has been found necessary in England lately. Men often get up and talk at these meetings just to waste time as they do in Parliament.' She

MEANS TO TRY AND STOP SPOUTING.

'In my opinion,' says the lady, 'no one should be allowed to waste time, as, for instance, Mr Buckland wasted time in the last Parliament. I am determined they shall not in the Council if I can help it. There will be a

TIME LIMIT FOR SPEAKERS.

if I can manage it. No more than fifteen minutes for any speaker on a motion, and five minutes for reply.

'At borough meetings, too, I would have all notices of motion and propositions formally received at one meeting and held over to the next fortnight. Then the Councillors would have thought out what to do, and avoid vapouring; as they did over a certain question lately.'

PENALTIES FOR RESIGNATION.

There should, Mrs Yates thinks, be a penalty for an elected councillor resigning before his term is up, save on some really adequate excuse. This led to a question as to the resignations which have taken place since she was made Mayor. Mrs Yates says that she does not believe these resignations are caused by a lady having been created mayor, but that they are simply a following of the retiring mayor, who prefer to retire with him. Another reform she would like to see, she will tell you, would be.

LADY JURORS AND LADY POLICE WARDERS

The lady jurors might with great advantage be employed in cases where women bring certain charges against men. These cases would be better sifted, and the results would generally, she thinks, be found to favour the men, as fraudulent cases would stand a far better chance of exposure.

WOMEN WARDERS AT THE POLICE COURT

are, she thinks, a real necessity. No woman, however degraded, but should have women to look after them, if only to avoid such cases as that now on in Auckland, where the girls accused the police of insulting them. Such accusations should be impossible.

MRS YATES, M.H.R.,

a not unlikely probability. 'Will you go into Parliament if women are eventually allowed to enter the house?' asked the interviewer.

'Shall I get people to send me there?' answered the lady smartly. 'If I do I shall certainly go. I think women are

quite as well able to legislate as men—at least the educated women who have learned to take an interest in matters politic. Of course, there are empty-headed women as there are empty-headed men, and on the whole I must admit foolish women are more foolish than foolish men. If women go into Parliament,' she continues, 'it will surely be a mixed Parliament.'

'How about Sir George Grey's Legislative Council of women?'

'Well, I think he was joking,' she answers. 'There are no questions which cannot be discussed in a proper manner by a mixed assemblage. Nothing which could not be said before woman (no false shame) should be said in the Legislature. That is my view,' said Mrs Yates, emphatically.

In the course of a chat on general politics it became evident to the interviewer that

MRS YATES IS STRONGLY CONSERVATIVE IN MANY POINTS. She is not greatly enamoured of voting by ballot, confessing a weakness for open voting. 'Of course,' she said, 'it is objected that this means that employed vote for their masters. I do not see that it is absolutely necessary, but in many cases I think a man should, unless he has very strong opinions, vote for the man who supplies him with work, that is, bread and butter. A feeling of gratitude would make him wish to.' The interviewer took a different view, and Mrs Yates carefully explained that she did not think a man should sacrifice his political opinions, but that if he was to be influenced, and most of the many-headed are, she contends that the best man to influence them is their employer. The first lady Mayor is

NO BELIEVER IN ONE MAN ONE VOTE,

and in municipal elections she thinks that only property-owners should have a vote. 'You see,' she says, 'the mere rent-payer doesn't care what expense the town is run into. If he is a tradesman he calculates it the more money spent the more trade, and if the rates get excessive he can always move on, leaving the unfortunate property owners to bear the burden of extravagance which he and others like him have encouraged.'

'MOST EMPHATICALLY I AM NOT A PROHIBITIONIST,' said Mrs Yates, when the conversational stream was carefully turned in this direction. 'I regard Prohibition as an attempt to infringe the liberty of the subject. It is unquestionable that there is a vast amount of harm done by over indulgence in liquor, but you might as well stop football by law because some people occasionally get killed at it. I consider,' she went on, 'it would be a

BURNING SHAME TO ROB THE WORKING MAN OF HIS BEER. Prohibition would not injure the rich; they would import liquor; but it would fall on the poor man, who has every right to choose for himself. Let the new Bill be given a trial, at any rate. The real way to reform lies in better looking after the quality of the drink sold, seeing it is not adulterated. But,' she continues, with a certain air of weariness,

'THIS COLONY SUFFERS FROM OVER-LEGISLATION.

We want a breathing time—a time in which the laws, already made, can be tried and tested. What is the use of making a law and repealing it before you have even tried it? Why don't they let the Liquor Bill have a trial? But there's that Robert Stout stamping the colony with his Direct Veto Bill already' (this with great contempt). 'Indeed,' says Mrs Yates, 'it would be

A BLESSING FOR THE COLONY TO HAVE A TEN YEARS' REST FROM LAW MAKING.'

So many of us think. And now this imperfect account of a most interesting interview must come to an end. It will, at least, have shown that Onehunga's new Mayor is a hard thinker, and far from an ordinary woman.

KALIZOIC is the peculiar and somewhat bizarre title given by two Auckland ladies to their studio, one of the prettiest in the northern capital. In connection with art teaching the Kalizic has become a sort of rendezvous for those who like beautiful things, as the rooms are stocked with a profusion of exquisite works of art—*articles de vertu*, painted tables, draped mirrors, and a host of other beautiful things. Considerable interest is being displayed over the Art Union by which these are to be distributed, and tickets are being widely bought. It is not at all a bad idea to send one of these tickets as a Christmas card to a friend. If it turns up a lucky number, you can amount of gratitude altogether disproportionate to the humble outlay of a shilling, which is after all only the price of a decent card.

The Blenheim bachelors—Messrs Rowe, S. Hudson, Pasley, Smith, S. Griffiths, Richmond, and E. Conolly—had quite a little surprise for their visitors, having unearthed a musician of wonderful talent to play the dance music. No one knew his name beyond the fact that he was called 'Arthur,' but his playing was certainly divine, and the music he discoursed most eloquent. The girls had a splendid time; nor were the chaperones forgotten. The hosts were most attentive, and nothing could exceed the enjoyment of everybody. At 2.30 a.m. 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung by everybody standing in a ring on the floor of the hall. Then the girls gave three hearty cheers for Blenheim, which was as heartily returned for Pictou by the Blenheim hosts, who drove back to their homes in the morning early.

# HEALTH and PLEASURE RESORTS of *www* ROTORUA SANATORIUM. NEW ZEALAND.

NO. 2.

wonderful natural baths in and around Rotorua are now renowned for their famous curative properties. The shallow

pool, framed in by slabs and stones, and heated by the overflow of some contiguous springs, are open to the public, and are publicly used at all times, particularly in the early morning and at evening. By the edge of the lake the natives disport themselves, and the children swim and dive, finding any desired temperature within rather narrow limits. Swimming and private baths for visitors are under the care of each hotel, which are comfortably sheltered and are supplied by natural streams or springs. The *Kuirau*,

AN EXTENSIVE BOILING LAKE

usually canopied by a dense cloud of steam, occupies an elevated and central position, opposite the Palace Hotel,

IN our last article we had left the train at Ngatira and were admiring the picturesque view of Lake Rotorua. The coach, however, waits not for any man, and the cry is 'All aboard!' Seated in the ponderous vehicle, with its leather-bound springs, we are soon speeding towards Ohinemutu. The drive occupies about an hour and a half. Arrived there, we have a good choice of accommodation. We may either patronize the Hot Lakes or the Palace Hotels, or if our tastes are economical, one of the many boarding-houses, where the charges are very moderate. Many will prefer driving on to Wakarewarewa, the very centre of the wonderland, and putting up at the Geyser Hotel, of which, however, more anon when we come to speak of Wakarewarewa. Those who stop at Ohinemutu will be well cared for at either of the hotels we have mentioned. Both are under the same efficient management. Host McKee is well-known in the North Island. Both hotels have baths of their own, the use of which is free to visitors stopping in the house. Since we do not arrive in Ohinemutu till 8.30 or 9 o'clock, and have had a tiring day, most visitors will doubtless take a bath, have a comfortable supper, and retire.

If the visitor should not recollect where he is at the first moment of waking next morning, it is more than likely his nose will speedily inform him. There hangs over the township and eternal, if occasionally almost imperceptible,

CHEMICAL ODOUR.

Sulphur is one prevailing scent, but it is seldom strong enough to be offensive, while as to its healthfulness there is no doubt.

It is more than probable that from the hotel window or from one of the balconies—which ever house is patronised—a lovely view of Rotorua Lake will be displayed, while the clouds of steam in every direction give a queer eerie feeling to this extraordinary country into which we have penetrated. The lake is a nearly circular depression with a mean diameter of about six miles, at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above sea level. It is difficult to realise that the now peaceful lake has been

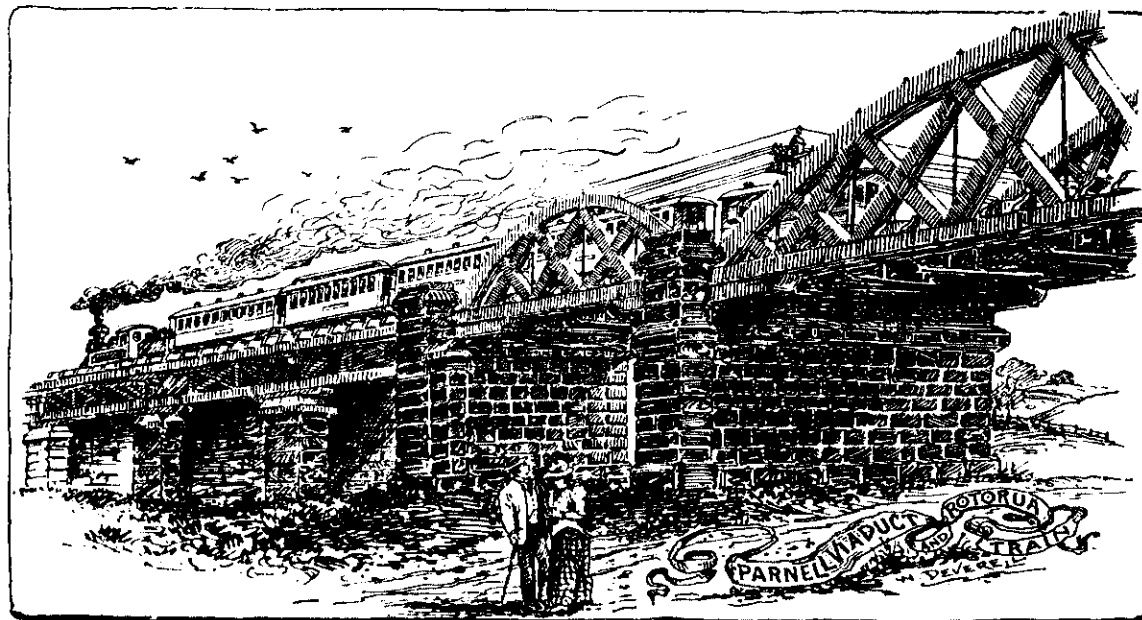
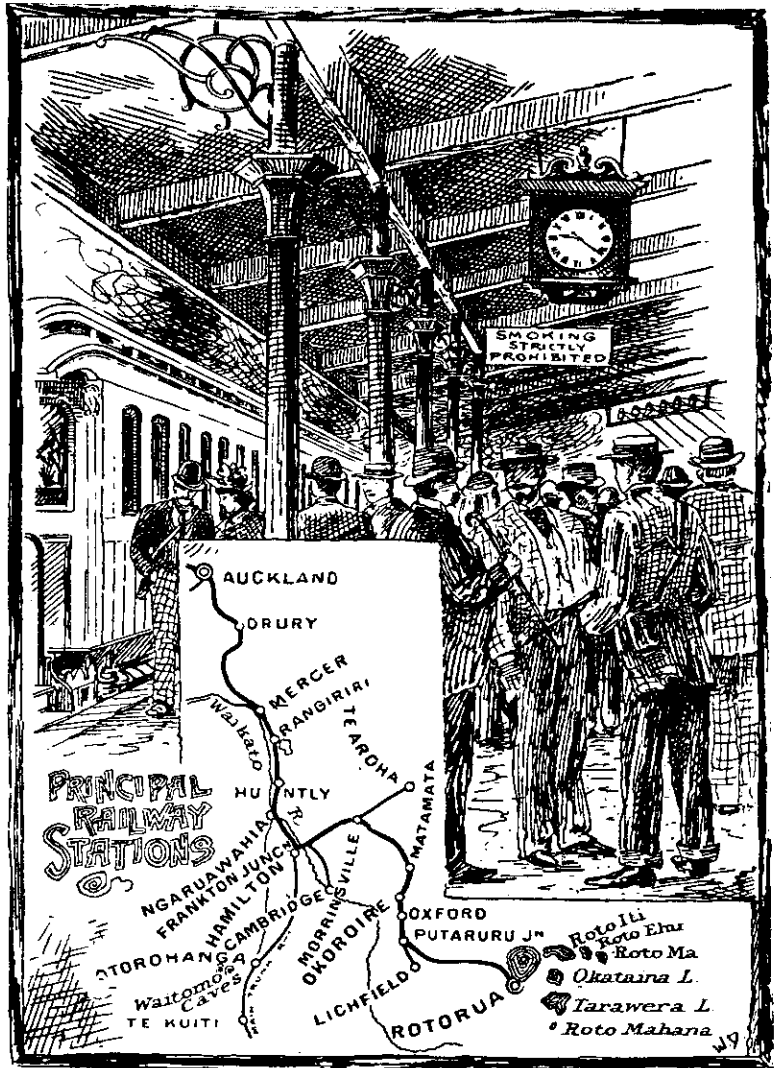
THE SCENE OF SOME OF THE MOST TERRIBLE ENCOUNTERS IN CANNIBAL WARFARE,

and that its shores have been frequently dyed with the blood of its heroic defenders, in the sanguinary struggles for the possession of its fertile lands and frowning strongholds, and that the few harmless natives now living on its banks are the descendants of the once famous warriors, of the ferocious arawas.

Ohinemutu, the tourists' centre for the district, is situated on the eastern shore of Rotorua. It is celebrated for its steaming streams, lakelets and springs: its bubbling and boiling holes;

ITS THOUSAND HISSING, SPITTING, AND SPUTTERING JETS;

its simmering and stewing mud pits; its dangerous and treacherous pitfalls; and for the many curious sights, uncanny noises, and evil odours arising therefrom. The



and supplies the hot streams which flow by the roadside.

Some of the hot springs serve as washing pools for laundry purposes; others, used as boilers for the commune, are of various capacities, from

VAST CALDRONS CAPABLE OF BOILING A BULLOCK,

to tiny pools just large enough to cook an egg. The steam issuing from numerous fissures is utilised for domestic purposes, and an empty packing case or cover of sacks placed over the jet, converts it immediately into an excellent steam oven or digester; and slabs of stone are placed here and there over the warmer spots, where the more lazy natives recline to sleep or smoke, rolled in their blankets, snug and warm.

The most remarkable boiling springs are on a fissure known as Waikite, which extends from the depression behind the stables of the Rotorua Hotel northwards into the warm bay used for the Maori swimming bath. They are the very deep repulsive pits overhung with a rich growth of ferns where more than on

victim has met with a terrible death ;

**THE FURIOUSLY BOILING CALDEON,**  
partially fenced in, which used to supply the open Maori bath (here the great chief Ngaharuhuru accidentally slipped in and thus lost his life a short time ago); and several smaller energetic springs of varying intensity. Under the water near the east bank, and about a hundred feet from the Maori bath, is a boiling spring which about twenty years ago was the source of the great Ohinemutu geyser, which at certain seasons of the year, generally in February, made a very grand eruptive display at frequent intervals. This geyser may again break into activity at any time should the lake level be much lowered.

Among the novelties of scene which attract the attention of the visitor will be

**THE CURIOUS CULINARY OPERATIONS AND OPEN AIR LIFE OF THE MAORIS,**

the sports of the children diving for coppers in the lake—the carved house, Tama-te-kapua, with its grotesque distortions of the human form—the newer English church—the long peninsula full of hot holes, the burying ground of the tribe—the carved posts, remnants of the sunken pa—the refuse pits where lobster tins, fruit cans, old boots and bottles, rags and rubbish, are boiling together in a hideous stew—the hotbeds for forcing vegetables and fruit—the geysers, big and little, playing now and then with delightful uncertainty—and the rude whares or huts of the natives where visitors are made welcome and gratuities thankfully received.

Of course, the main thing about Rotorna is the bathing.

**THE SANATORIUM**

is within a very moments' walk of the native village of Ohinemutu, and is as easily reached from Wakarewarewa, 'onuses running every few minutes gratis to visitors at the Geyser Hotel. Great credit is due to the Government for the excellent manner in which the Sanatorium has been arranged and is conducted. The facilities for acquiring needful information are excellent, and if anyone suffers through taking a bath that doesn't suit his or her constitution there is nobody but themselves to blame. A properly qualified medical man is in attendance, and should certainly be consulted by any persons of a delicate constitution before taking the baths.

A brief description of the various baths and their properties will not be out of place. We extract the same from Dr. Lewis' 'Medical Guide':—  
'The water of

**THE PRIEST'S BATH**

issues in large volumes from the pumice beach, only a few feet from the Lake's edge, and it is in the actual source of the spring that bathing takes place.

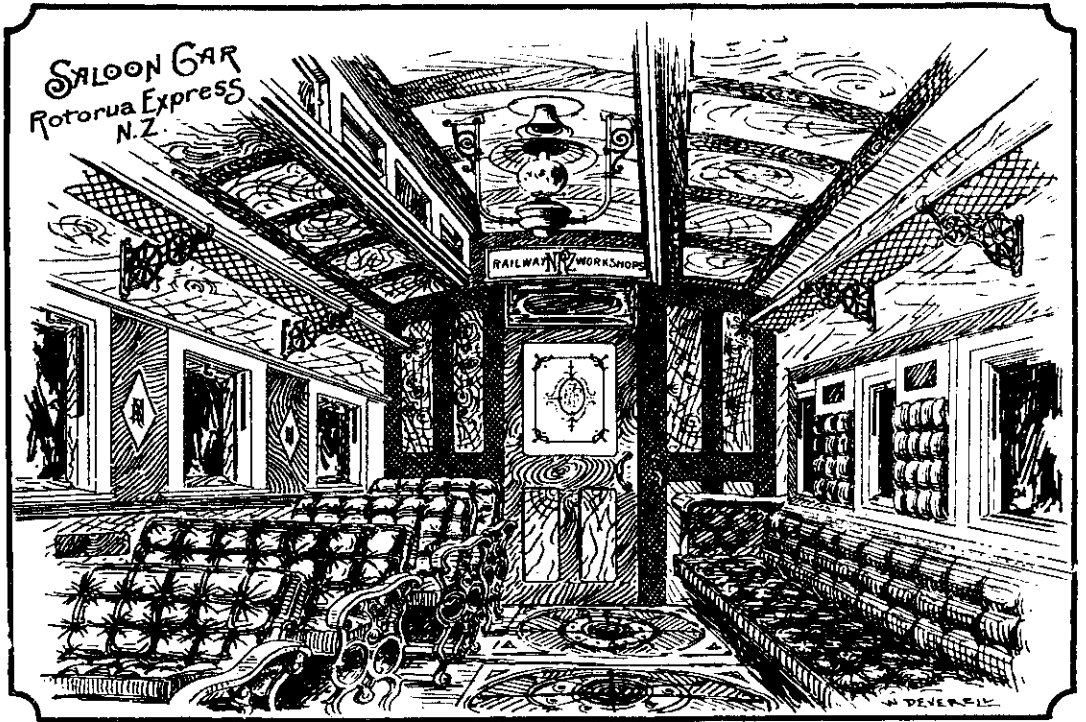
'The temperature of the water is all that can be desired for a tonic and alterative bath to possess, averaging about

off have the power of blackening silver.

'There is a shower attached to the public bath.

'The cases in which this bath has been found to be most efficacious are gout, dyspepsia, acitica, as a change from other baths in chronic rheumatism and chronic eczema, parasitic diseases of the skin, obesity, sluggish liver, abdominal congestion, and convalescence from almost any acute disease.

'The influence of this bath on the skin and secretions is very marked. The whole skin is reddened after a very

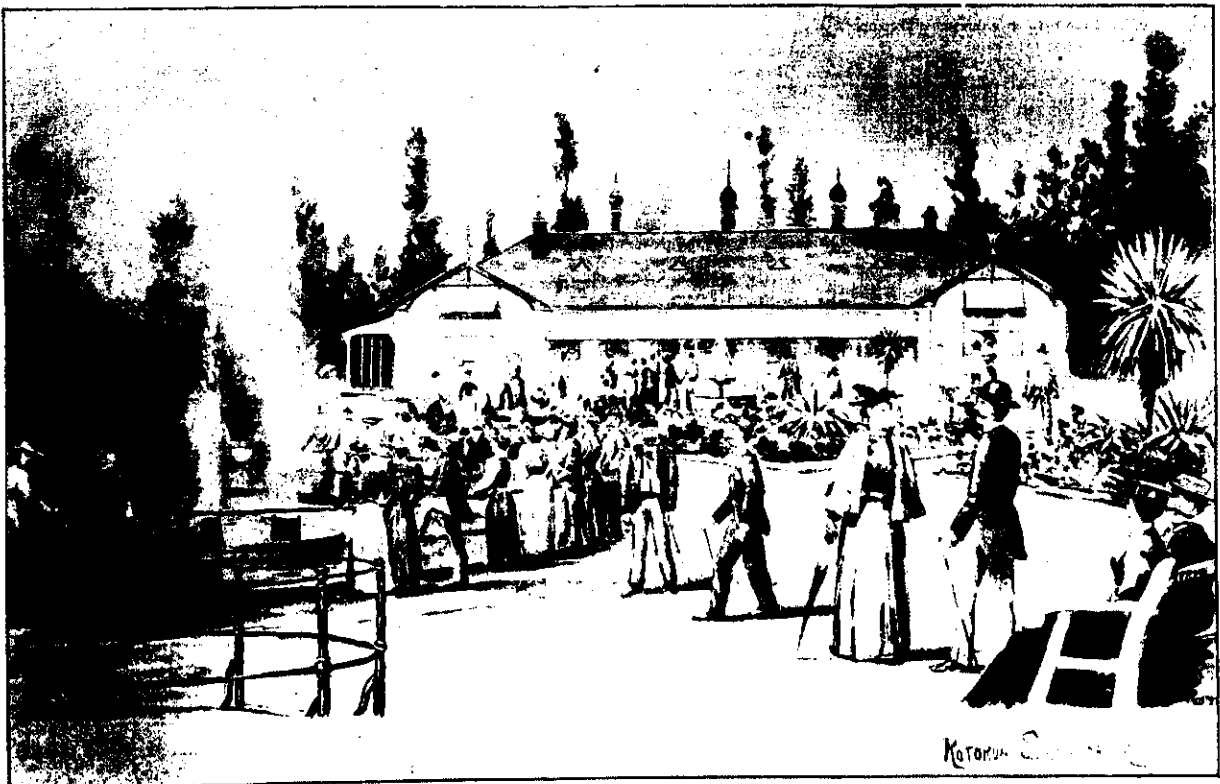


99° F. There is one large public bath 17ft. by 14ft. with dressing rooms attached, and two private baths for special cases.

'The water is strongly acidic and aluminous, depositing flocculent sulphur on the bed and sides of the bath and in the overflow drain. Both the water and the fumes given

short period of immersion, and in a few cases itching is produced; so much so that the bath in some cases has to be alternated with Madame Rachel, which latter spring has the power of almost immediately allaying any undue irritation.

'The Priest's Bath acts as a stimulant to the liver and in



From a sketch by T. Ryan

most cases the flow of bile into the intestines is increased. This is quickly shown in the change of colour in the feces after a few days' bathing.

'It is necessary in some cases to anoint with olive oil or

internal capillaries of the body throughout the whole system.

'Dr. Manson, of Strathpeffer Spa, speaks in his excellent work of the Wild Bäder of Baden-Baden, where "marble

Apart from its medicinal qualities, the luxury of bathing in this water is unequalled by any in the district; and I hope the Government will soon be able to construct two large swimming baths, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, so as to still more fully utilize that which nature has given with such a lavish hand.

'By the internal administration of this water there is undoubtedly an increase in the elimination of urea and uric acid. This is almost invariably produced, and is a most important factor in the treatment of rheumatism and gout.

'No. 3. Oruawhata, or

"THE BLUE BATH."

Temperature of the spring, 140° F. This spring and the bath which is formed by its overflow into the basin of an old thermal source are situated within the hospital grounds, and the latter affords a good swimming bath, with dressing-rooms attached.

'The composition of this water is almost identical with the foregoing one (Madame Rachel), and its action is similar. Bubbles have the property of encrusting with silica articles immersed for a long time, the silica being deposited as the water cools. Some very beautiful specimens of incrustation are often to be obtained, such as birds' nests, branches of native trees, fern fronds, etc.

'This bath is employed medicinally as a change from others in the treatment of rheumatism and kindred affections, where thorough exercise of the limbs in

a warm medium is advisable, and also as an ordinary warm swimming bath for the pleasure-seeker.'

AFTER THE BATH

the visitor may read the daily or weekly papers in one of the comfortably furnished cooling rooms, or if the weather be warm and genial there will be little danger in resting in one of the pleasant summer-houses erected in various parts of the grounds. From more than one of these shady retreats he may watch the action of the geysers manufactured by Mr Malfoy, the expert in charge. If an introduction is gained to this courteous, kindly gentleman the intelligent visitor will never be dull. Mr Malfoy is not only a charm-



vaseline any part of the skin that may be found very irritable while bathing. This should be done just before going into the bath.

'A patient's appetite is stimulated almost invariably by a course of this bath. The ordinary course is three weeks, taking in that time thirty-six baths, i.e., two daily, omitting Sunday.

'This water is not suited for taking internally except when specially advised by a medical man; it forms, however, a capital gargle in relaxed throat, and an equally good injection in certain forms of leucorrhoea. It has also been used beneficially as a mouth wash.

'The treatment by this bath of what is commonly known as "cold feet" has met with much success, and I should advise those who suffer from this troublesome affection (if

basins are filled with mineral water containing a quantity of sand and finely powdered granite with which the bather rubs the surface of the body, so increasing the amount of skin stimulation, which is one of the main objects of baths of all kinds.'

'This quotation from such an high authority as Dr. Manson speaks volumes for the Priest's Bath, for there is no bath that has a more uniform and potent skin stimulating action than this spring.

'No. 2. Whangapipiro, or

"MADAME RACHEL."

Temperature of the spring, 174 deg. F. The water is brought down (some 200 yards) from this spring in a tile and concrete main, and distributed by galvanized pipes to the male and female sides of the bath pavilion. There are two baths (17ft by 14ft.), one for each sex, and also single baths inside the house for those who prefer the seclusion of a bath-room.

'The largest baths of the Priest's and Madame Rachel are far preferable, both for comfort and medical treatment, when they can be borne, as the respiratory function is performed with increased vigour always during a hot bath; and however well a small room may be ventilated, the amount of aqueous vapour given off by the water of the bath interferes with the performance of free and pleasant breathing.

'The exquisite softness of this water led to its fanciful name. It has the power of applying a gloss to the skin that is quite characteristic of the alkaline silicious waters of Rotorua, which is due to their alkalinity and the large quantity of silica and silicates that they contain. I believe that there are yet to be found out therapeutic qualities of silica and its combinations that will have a material influence over the future of Rotorua.

'I am inclined to think that its action, as found in these waters, is very similar to that of lithia, which is so largely extolled in the treatment of gout and the uratic diathesis, and which has given Rysat in Auvergne the name it possesses. Of the value of silica as a local remedy I have had ample demonstration. It acts wonderfully well as an application to granulation tissue, psoriasis, and ecchymatous patches, soothing them and coating them over with a fine film.

'This fact was first brought under my notice by the Maori method of dressing wounds on the backs of their horses with the silicious deposit which lines some of the mud springs. This mud has a quantity of alum in its composition, and acts well as a dressing in chronic and indolent ulcers. The class of waters of which this is a type have proved to possess over psoriasis a power which alone bids fair to make Rotorua some day famous. (This fact is discussed fully under Diseases of the Skin, later on.)

'This water is suited for internal administration, and has been employed in the treatment of rheumatism, gout, and certain forms of dyspepsia, helping to rouse the gastric functions, aided materially by the bracing atmosphere and by regular exercise, which in these cases is so essential to a satisfactory result.



IN THE GARDENS - ROTORUA SANATORIUM.

their means will allow) to give the Priest's Bath a fair trial. This bath has also a peculiar tendency to produce congestion of the uterus and consequently to re-establish menstruation. Chlorotic girls commonly find the catamenia appear after a fortnight's use of the water. (Resembles the springs of Eaux Chaudes, Basses Pyrénées.)

'The most visible and probably the most important physiological action of this water is on the skin, the capillaries of which are stimulated to action in a marked degree. This stimulation is secondarily established in the



A SUMMER HOUSE IN SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA.

ing man, but a perfect mine of interesting scientific information, which he willingly imparts with such admirable directness of language that the most unscientific person can interestedly follow his explanations.

NEW SERIAL STORY

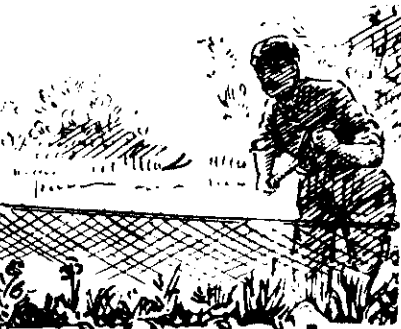
'UTU'

A TALE OF NEW ZEALAND.

WILL APPEAR FIRST WEEK IN JANUARY.

# TENNIS TOPICS.

By 'VANTAGE'



POLO MATCH.

THE past tennis season in England has not revealed much change in the classification of the prominent players. The number of players with 15/2 of the Champion have not increased greatly, as the subjoined list of forty-three players takes the place of forty-two players of the previous season. It must be remembered that E. W. Lewis was not competing in the past season, as his medical examinations have prevented his playing.

THE champion, Mr J. Pim, has in every class of contest proved his unmistakable superiority, and finished with an unbeaten record. The ex-champion W. Baddeley, has decisively proved himself as second only to Pim, as the latter was the only one at whose hands he suffered any reverse. E. Renshaw appears to be getting back to his old form, and came very near beating Pim at Dublin. H. S. Mahony, the Covered Court champion, reached two sets all with Pim at the Wimbledon tournament, and beat W. Renshaw, who, however, went away from him at the Newcastle meeting.

THE following is a list of the first flight players in the Old Country, placed in merit relatively to the champion:—

- \*J. Pim, scratch.
- W. Baddeley, 1/4
- W. Renshaw } 2/4
- E. Renshaw } 2/4
- H. S. Mahony } 2/4
- W. V. Eaves } 3/4
- D. G. Chaytor } 3/4
- M. F. Goodbody } 15
- T. Chaytor } 15
- G. W. Hillyard } 15
- H. S. Barlow } 15
- G. C. Ball-Greene } 15
- F. O. Baker } 15
- E. G. Meers } 15
- H. A. F. Chapman } 15.1
- H. Baddley } 15.1
- E. R. Allen } 15.1
- A. W. Gore } 15.1
- R. G. Gave } 15.1
- A. Palmer } 15.1
- C. W. Wade } 15.1
- H. W. Carlton } 15.1
- P. B. Brown } 15.1
- R. M. Watson } 15.2
- C. H. Chaytor } 15.2
- G. L. Orme } 15.2
- H. L. Fleming } 15.2
- K. R. Marry } 15.2
- A. W. Blake } 15.2
- S. H. Smith } 15.2
- C. G. Allen } 15.2
- W. M. Cranston } 15.2
- H. E. Caldecott } 15.2
- C. H. Martin } 15.2
- H. G. Nadin } 15.2
- H. V. Doherty } 15.2
- B. A. Patten } 15.2
- H. A. Nibbet } 15.2
- H. D. Spook } 15.2
- F. W. Snook } 15.2
- A. E. Crawley } 15.2
- H. N. Craig } 15.2
- W. Castle } 15.2
- G. Greville } 15.2

\*Champion of England and Ireland. †Champion of Scotland. ‡Champion of Wales. §Champion of Covered Courts.

I HAD hoped to have been able to give a fairly full account of the arrangements for the coming tournament, but owing to the full entries from the South not having come to hand, my remarks are consequently delayed. For my readers' information, however, I refer them to the programme, and would draw the attention of intending competitors to the time of entrance (December 21st) and to the stipulations relative to entrance fees. By next week I hope to be able to publish the entrances received up to that date.

PROGRAMME.

- CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES. Best of 5 Sets, advantage Sets. First Prize, value £10 10s. The winner to hold the N.Z.L.T.A. Challenge Cup, value 25 Guineas, for one year. (The Cup becomes the absolute property of any player who shall win it three times. The present holder of the Cup is Mr M. FENWICK.) Entrance, 10s.
- CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES. Best of 5 Sets, advantage Sets. Prizes, value £5 5s. each. Entrance, 10s. each pair.
- LADIES' SINGLES (CHAMPIONSHIP). Best of 3 Sets, advantage Sets in last round. First Prize, value £4 4s. The winner to hold the N.Z.L.T.A. Association's Ladies' Challenge Cup, presented by F. Sizenger, Esq., value £10 10s.

for one year. (The cup becomes the absolute property of any lady player who shall win it three times. The present holder of the Cup is Miss REES.) Entrance, 5s.

LADIES' DOUBLES (CHAMPIONSHIP). Best of 3 Sets, advantage Sets in last round. Prizes, value £2 2s. each. Entrance, 5s. each pair.

MEN'S HANDICAP SINGLES. Best of 3 Sets, advantage Sets. First Prize, value £4 4s.; Second Prize, value £1 1s. Entrance, 5s. If the Entries warrant it, the Committee will divide this handicap into two Classes, and separate Prizes will be given in each Class.

MEN'S HANDICAP DOUBLES. Best of 3 Sets, advantage Sets. Prizes, value £2 2s. each. Entrance, 10s. each pair.

LADIES' DOUBLES (HANDICAP). Best of 3 Sets, advantage Sets in last round. Prizes, value £1 1s. each. Entrance, 5s. each pair.

COMBINED DOUBLES (HANDICAP). Best of 3 Sets, advantage Sets in last round. Prizes, value £2 2s. each. Entrance, 7s. 6d. each pair.

Entrances close with the Hon. Secretary, 10 a.m. on Thursday, the 21st December, 1893. No Entries accepted without fees. Matches will be played under the rules and regulations sanctioned by the L.T.A. of England.

R. BLAIR, Auckland.

A LADIES' handicap-doubles tournament is in progress at the Eden and Epsom Club, for a prize presented by a gentleman who, during his short stay in Auckland last summer, was a member of the club. The first round has resulted in a win for Misses Batger and Hall. I will give full details in my next.

MISSIS MOWBRAY AND SPIERS are playing together in the ladies' doubles at the championship meeting. Mrs Chapman and Miss Nicholson are also entering.

I AM sorry to hear that Mr F. Laxon, of Napier, has met with an accident that may prevent his playing in any of the single events. There are no particulars to hand, but I hope he may be fit as a fiddle before the 21st. Mr Fenwick informs me that the wretched weather at Napier during the past six weeks has interfered terribly with practice.

J. M. MARSHALL is reported to be in slashing form this year, and his many admirers are sanguine as to his chances of securing the place of honour.

THE superstitious in the matter of weather prognosticate a fine spell during the Christmas and New Year holidays. Their system of logic is based on the time-honoured idea of 'luck in odd numbers,' and gleefully point to the fate of the visiting bowlers last year, which was the first time that band of strolling players came to Auckland; and further, they dwell with corresponding glee on the disaster attending the Wellington cricketers. The obvious conclusion is that on the third meeting of colonial athletes at the coming tennis tournament the law of luck, or averages, or some such indefinite arrangement will make everything in the matter of weather quite happy.

LADY COLFERS.

THE Christchurch lady golfers who journeyed to Dunedin have been most successful. Mrs Lomax Smith is now the champion of New Zealand. It was exceedingly plucky of the Christchurch Club to try its skill against Dunedin, as this club has only been formed about a year, and the game has been played for several by the southern ladies. Mrs Lomax-Smith has from the first shown a special aptitude for and love of the game, and is certainly reaping a reward, having won two medals in Christchurch, and now carrying off from Dunedin the champion prize of a very handsome tea and coffee service, and also the prize in the handicap match, a beautiful salad bowl.

ON the last Bank holiday several Blenheim bachelors drove into Picton with the idea of having a picnic in the afternoon and a dance in the evening. The weather was not propitious, and the picnic was abandoned, but the dance, held in the Public Hall, was an unqualified success. A heavy downpour of rain kept many away, but those who were brave enough to defy the elements heartily enjoyed themselves.

THE Polo match, Christchurch, on Saturday was a very interesting one between players under thirty and over thirty. It appeared the men were as pleased to be recognized as under thirty as ever any woman was, and certainly the 'young' ones played a splendid game. But it was 'prohibition' day or 'direct veto' or something of the kind. At all events there was no afternoon tea, and the ladies said, 'We did need it and we did miss it.' Lord and Lady Glasgow and the Ladies Boyle were among the interested spectators, also Mrs Hunter Blair, Mrs Alister Clark, Mrs O'Rourke, Mr and Mrs Palmer, Mrs Ogle and Miss Palmer, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mrs and the Misses Campbell, Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Mrs Gordon, Mr and Mrs Russell, Mrs Buller, Mrs Robinson, Mrs (Olivier), Mrs H. Brown, Misses Latter, Bowen, Johnstone, Baldwin, Helmore, Graham, Mr and Mrs J. K. Scott, and several of the officers of H.M.S. Lizard.

EARLY CLOSING IN WELLINGTON.

THE 'Autoeratic Idler' writes from Wellington:—'A most unusual scene was witnessed in Willis-street recently, when about one thousand shop assistants and other young men blocked the street opposite the mart of Mr Carter, a mercer and draper, hooting and gloating at all customers who entered the premises, and throwing rotten eggs and other missiles at such guardians of the public peace as happened to say 'Move on!' At one time a riot was imminent. Some of the culprits were arrested and marched off to the lockup. The non-observance of the Wednesday half-holiday was the cause of the commotion. Mr Carter informs me that, having given the weekly half holiday a fair trial, he finds that he is £40 to the bad every month, owing to the disorganization thereby caused to his business. He pays £5 a week rent for his establishment in Willis-street, and is at other heavy expense; and, he goes on to say, simple ruin stared him in the face, so that he was compelled to study the interests of his wife and family 'in preference to the interests of a few shop assistants.' He gives a half holiday every week to all his employes, some twenty in number, and contends that as an Englishman's shop at £5 per week is the only castle he can boast of, it is his castle all the same. Mrs Carter carries on an extensive dressmaking industry on the premises. A costume, valued at some £4 4s, was spoiled by rotten eggs, and the dresses of some ladies in the shop were also bespattered by the gallant tape men. I am very pleased to be able to say that this unseemly demonstration has had no bad effect on the business carried on by Mr and Mrs Carter. Several persons, to my knowledge, have patronised the establishment to-day, who never before entered it. They admire the pluck and spirit of the Britisher. A half-holiday is a truly good institution, but there is nothing at all admissible in coercive measures. Nor can one at all see why a shop-keeper who chooses to remain behind his own counter should not be allowed to do so as long as he likes. No man works if he can help it (except Mr Glastone); and to force a man to put up his shutters and to ruin his trade seems to me most liberal tyranny. There are scores and scores of small shopkeepers in every city who can barely get a living by working all the time every day in the week. They are worse off than the Carters, for they are unable to employ anyone to assist them. Does anybody mean to say these people also must be forced to close their doors? If so, then perhaps you will allow me to say that such compulsion may be very good force—but it is not liberty as British subjects understand liberty; and such force will never, and can never, be a popular force in a British community.'

AT the Cathedral, Christchurch, last week, Spohr's 'Last Judgment' was most successfully given by Mr G. F. Tendall and the choir. It was converted into a special Advent service, and was very impressive. The solos were taken by Masters Lake and Bung, Messrs Weir and Millar, and were beautifully sung. The Cathedral was packed, but the offertory was not proportionately large.



**The Heresy Hunt.** The heresy hunt is the very expressive if somewhat vulgar and inaccurate title that has been allotted by the press and public of the North Island to the action of the Auckland Presbytery in objecting to certain doctrines being preached by a recognised member of their church. 'As was inevitable,' said the Professor, 'public sympathy has, to a great extent, been with the delinquent, if we may so call him, and a good deal of vapouring about narrow-mindedness, bigotry, and persecution has been heard from the man in the street. This is, I take it, due entirely to misapprehension of the true circumstances of the case. Let us for a moment endeavour to see the matter from the point of view of the principle involved, leaving on one side the utterly unimportant individual concerned.'

**The Case in Brief.** A certain Presbyterian minister is alleged to have preached certain doctrines and proposed certain beliefs which are not in accordance with the Presbyterian faith. He has used a Presbyterian church for the purpose, and is being paid as a Presbyterian teacher. The attention of the government of the Presbyterian body has been directed to the matter, they have made certain enquiries, and signified their decision

that if the allegations are true the said minister must either desist from propagating ideas which are not those of the Presbyterian order, or must go elsewhere to do so. Surely there is little "hunting" here. If this man—Mr Neil—were being driven from pillar to post merely for preaching certain doctrines and denying certain dogmas, it would be a disgraceful thing, an infringement of the liberty of thought and speech—an unheard of occurrence nowadays. But he is not. Mr Neil has perfect liberty to preach what he likes, but he is not allowed to preach it where he likes. He was chosen, and solemnly swore to preach a certain formula of religion which a section of society believe to be the best. In order that they may be taught and guided according to this formula, this section of society—in this case Presbyterians—build themselves churches, and these churches are handed over to men who have solemnly declared themselves believers in the Presbyterian doctrine; and since man cannot live on nothing, money is provided to keep them in more or less comfortable circumstances.

**Not 'What' Was Preached, but 'Where.'** But after a time one of these said teachers, who has been allotted a teaching place and a livelihood, finds that he no longer believes in the doctrine he is sworn to disseminate. It is manifest he cannot go on propagating belief in which he has himself lost faith, upholding dogmas which he has begun to regard as mischievous and wrong. He must preach the word as it is revealed to him. To do otherwise would be base and dishonest. But, on the other hand, having discovered that his faith is no longer that in which he was ordained, no longer that for the teaching of which he was provided with a church and a livelihood, is he not bound in honour to relinquish both church and livelihood, which are no

longer honestly his? For, most assuredly, they are not. A Presbyterian church is erected for the teaching of Presbyterian doctrines, and if the minister in charge changes his opinions, he is absolutely unjustified in using that building for his own purpose, or indeed any other purpose than that for which it was put up.

**The Approval of the Congregation no Justification.** Nor can it be admitted that the approval of even a majority of the congregation affects the ethics of the question. If the parson has changed his belief, and if he has the sympathy of a majority of his congregation his course is clear. He must leave the church in whose teaching he no longer believes, and taking his followers with him, found some other. No possible blame could attach to such a proceeding, it would, indeed, commend the admiration of broad-minded men and women as the straightforward declaration of religious independence. There is, moreover, another phase to the congregation argument. A man may obtain a magnificent church in a magnificent position by the confession of a certain faith. Once installed, his faith changes, and he preaches the old congregation out of the church, while at the same time he fills it to overflowing with a new one who never contributed one farthing towards the erection of the building, while those who did so for the specific purpose of having certain doctrines taught, are driven out in the cold. Their remonstrances are met with defiance and insult. "You can go elsewhere. I will hold this pulpit and you may go, and I will get a new congregation." It needs no logic to understand the gross injustice and dishonesty of such a proceeding, or the stupidity of calling the ejection of such a person persecution.

The subject is perhaps not one which can be discussed in detail in this place. A misconception existed which I have endeavoured to set right. A quantity of sympathy was wasted over a persecution, so-called, which was no persecution, and a wrong idea of the principle involved in the inquiry was prevalent. Whether Mr Neil's formula of religion or that of the Presbytery is correct is a subject on which it would be unwise, indeed, to embark. There are probably no two men whose religious views exactly tally, and a religious discussion invariably ends in bitterness and vexation of spirit.

# PEARS

## Soap Makers



By Special Appointment  
TO  
HER MAJESTY  
**The Queen**



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
**Prince of Wales.**

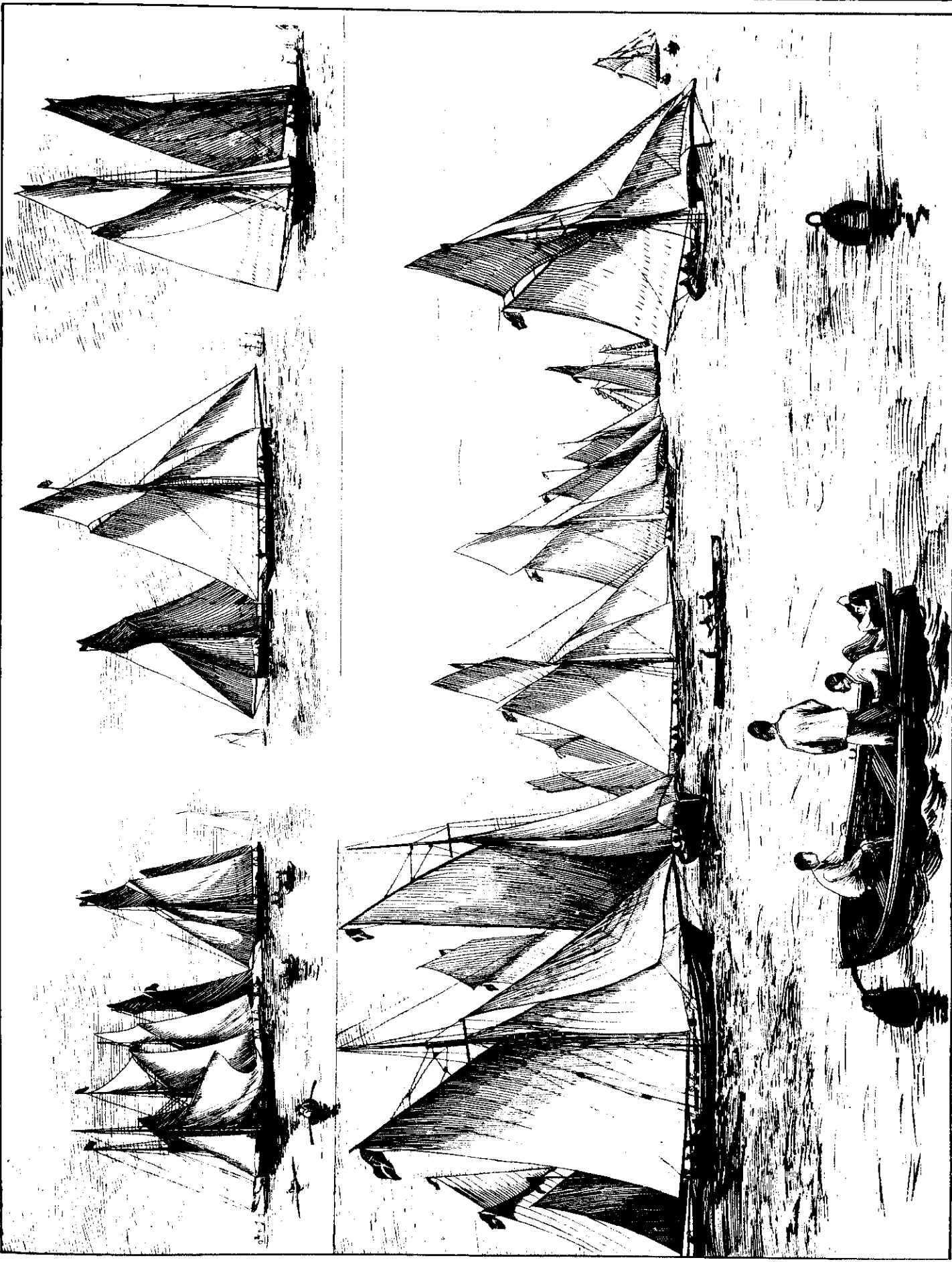
**Mr. John L. Milton**  
Senior Surgeon  
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"From time to time I have tried very many different soaps and after five and twenty years careful observation in many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEAR'S SOAP. Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation."

**PROFESSOR Sir Erasmus Wilson**  
Late President  
Royal College of Surgeons, England.

"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraved on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEAR'S SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."





SKETCHES OF SAILING RACES AT JUDGES BAY REGATTA,

AUCKLAND, DECEMBER 9th, 1898.

(SEE TOPICS OF THE WEEK.)

# ETCHINGS FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

BY THE AUTOCRATIC IDLER.

**Camp Meeting in Wellington.** A few minutes' walk from the busiest centre of Wellington takes us to Pearce's Paddock at the end of Willis-street, where the Seventh Day Adventists are holding their second Annual Conference in these islands—the first having been held at Napier last March, I think. The paddock is quite a secluded spot, well protected from the wind by trees and houses; it is well swarded with grass, and the 'lay of the ground,' I was informed, was especially favourable for a camp meeting. An immense marquee occupies the centre of the enclosure, and on either side are small streets of well-equipped, spacious, and very nicely furnished tents, all clean and new. Something like a hundred persons (male and female) from all parts of New Zealand are at present living in these tents, where they propose to remain till the middle of the month. A restaurant, book depot, and lodging tents are provided; near the paddock gate is a reception tent, furnished like a drawing room, and full of South Sea Island carvings (amongst which are some beautiful paintings of sea scenes on large shells), and here visitors are afforded all information, and treated with extreme civility. In America these camp meetings are an important and well-established religious institution, but as this Wellington meeting was almost the first of its kind in New Zealand, I thought it worth while to give even a beautiful Sunday morning up to—whatever I found there.

**Seventh Day Adventists.** Perhaps, first of all, you may desire to know who and what these peculiar people, the Seventh Day Adventists are, and how they differ from one another. As to the last, they appear to be very respectable, and very earnest people. A lady whom we found in the reception tent will give us a general idea of what we want to know, as to their religious views, and the work they have out for themselves. I understand the lady in question (who happened, accidentally, to be in the tent at the time of our visit) is a dentist from Napier, enjoying an extensive practice: a very capable professional woman, making a good deal of money at her employment, and giving the greater part of it to the cause. There was something about her which took my fancy—she looked straight in one's face with clear grey eyes: she gave you, at once, an impression of sincerity—one of the very rarest of qualities, especially amongst sects, in these times. The Seventh Day Adventists, she said, observed Saturday as Sunday, the Bible having so directed: they believed that 'the Lord would provide'—therefore they laid not up treasures upon earth—and they knew that the second coming of Christ was close at hand. As to this latter belief, I ventured to say that people had existed for hundreds of years who were convinced of the same thing; but I did not like to tell her—as I might have done—that St. Paul himself was of this opinion immediately, so to speak, after the crucifixion of our Saviour. Furthermore, the lady gave me some account of her searches for truth amongst the churches, and her total inability to find rest for the soles of her feet amongst denominations who did not practice what they preached. She grew eloquent about the Bible—the Bible, when one came to read and grasp the real meaning of its most hazy and mazy chapters—and informed me that there was a terrible condemnation in store for those thousand and thousands of ministers of the gospel who totally ignored the gospel in living their own lives. I may say this was the best news I had heard for a long time. Although not exactly a Seventh Day Adventist, I have long felt a burning desire that somebody should preach to the parsons; that somebody should tell them how woefully they misapprehend their duty and their mission on this earth! However, the lady dentist from Napier, will, probably do the business in the meantime. It puzzles her exceedingly how a bishop can draw £15,000 a year and live in a palace, when the bishop's Master had not where to lay His head; so it does me. These Seventh Day Adventists have no bazaars, no raffles; none of our peculiar expedients for raising the church wind. They have no trouble as to the incomes of their teachers and pastors; they have no pew rents. Every man and woman gives a tenth of his or her income or earnings to the general fund, and if that is not sufficient, why they just give more. And—however they manage it—they do manage to present a very comfortable and contented appearance before each other, and before the general public.

**Practical Religion.** A certain air of peace and repose, indeed, pervaded the entire encampment. I went about the grounds leisurely and saw something of the camp life of this remarkable community. In some of the enclosures were men, in others women, addressing small gatherings of people, seated on

Austrian chairs for the most part, although there was no lack of other, and even much better resting accommodation. The style of discourse was generally, peculiar. In one tent an American gentleman was describing the progress of the work all over the world. I could hear very little of what he said, as the tent in which he spoke was already fully occupied when I arrived there. Some of the women preachers also came from the United States. I heard a discourse in the large marquee from a Sister White—who stated her usual business was 'writing,' whatever that means—and I am obliged to say that it was the most earnest and practical address I have heard delivered before a congregation of human creatures on Sunday for twenty years. It was, chiefly, addressed to parents; and if children were only brought up as this lady said they ought to be, there would be no fear at all for the rising generation. I believe this preacher came directly from Auckland; but there was in her accent, and in her occasional quaintness, a Yankee suggestion which was by no means disagreeable. Some hundreds of persons, not belonging to the Adventists, listened to Sister White with great attention for more than an hour.

**Advice to Girls.** A sample of the sort of tenets these people inculcate will, better perhaps than any description of mine, convey an idea of their teaching. Just listen to this, for instance, addressed to young girls:—'What is the use of being plain, girls, when you can all be beautiful just as well as not? Why be plain any longer? If you have the white light of the soul within, it will shine through the muddiest complexions, and the thickest swarms of freckles! It can re-shape snub noses, and wry mouths; it can burnish red hair until it shines like gold! It can transform the very plainest among you into an angel of delight. Why be plain, then, girls, any longer, when the loveliness of a pure spirit imparts its charm to everything connected with it?' Or take this, addressed to the people in general: 'All around us go weary toilers, with burdened hands, weary feet, aching hearts. The mystery of life's toils, and sin, and sorrow, and suffering, seems unfathomable. Many question as to the existence of a God of love; and in their affliction feel they could curse God and die! To all such weary mortals Christ and His second coming is the only hope! Turn ye then, for why will ye die?'

**A Financial Success.** And now, no doubt, you, being already quite well acquainted with my mocking and scoffing spirit, will expect that this is about the place where the laugh comes in (—or should come in: my humour is a trifle heavy sometimes and isn't always a success—although others may not say so). My respected friend: I haven't the smallest intention of laughing at these people. I dare say they are quite mistaken as to some things—even that I am not quite cock sure: there is nothing more illogical than to be cock sure about any religious question whatever. Let us laugh; let us roar till our sides ache, if you will, at shams and hollow insincerities, and conventionalities of all kinds: but here we have, anyhow, downright earnest, honest folk and for my part I have no words but words of respect for them. Let me mention, too, that, although they are but a mere handful of beings in these islands: here a few, there a few, in every town of importance in New Zealand, and the total number very insignificant indeed; yet in the populous countries of the world they count their adherents by thousands and thousands, and their annual church revenue at some millions of pounds. They have vast publishing offices for the issue of books and periodicals, they have great colleges, medical and surgical sanatoriums on gigantic scales in various States, and they issue, annually, a year book, which I find full of the most interesting and even startlingly new information. Last year they had a surplus of £33,000, after providing for all liabilities. It is one church in twenty that has little difficulty in making both ends meet; and a church with a surplus is very seldom heard of. But when we get a church with a surplus of £33,000 we can't laugh much at it—I don't, indeed, see why it should not be the other way—they might very well be excused for laughing at us! However, they are too much in earnest to do anything but work: and at work we leave them, and pass out of the camp gateway.

**Miss Myra Kemble.** No one makes any apology for the stage now, nor has such been done for several years past. The simple fact is, that the stage, in these later times, has forged ahead so fast as to be quite even, in our times, with any profession, however high. The finished actor is, in social status, the equal, to day, of any gentleman in the land, and the accomplished actress is a far superior and more refined person than even some of the

much sought after and bepraised female sensational novelists; and ranks—if she be, indeed, an artiste—as high as any educated lady in any country. So that it has come to pass that actors—actors who can really act—require no more vindication than the members of any other profession, or the followers of any other art. It was Macready who began the work of elevating and purifying the stage: the Keans followed; and what these geniuses left undone, or were unable to accomplish, was completed by present day professionals like Henry Irving, the Bancrofts, and others, who swept away the few remaining stage reproaches, and when these reproaches were removed, all intelligent prejudices—if any prejudices can be called intelligent—disappeared. Of course there are some persons still in the world who have yet something to say against the art of the actor—just as there are still people in the world who are horrified on looking at the most artistic and famous picture in the nude. If these people have any intelligence, they are not sincere, and if they are sincere, they have no intelligence. In either case, therefore, they are of no earthly account.

**Some Dublin Beauties.** I felt some disappointment when Miss Kemble informed me she was not a Dublin girl—as I had hoped her to be. There is a charm and grace of manner; of style, voice, and outline about the Dublin girl which one finds very seldom the exact counterpart of, in the same degree, in any other girl. Some very splendid examples of what Dublin can produce in this way were known, a few years ago as the 'Fosbery girls,' in Dunedin—one of whom married Dr. Mansell, and the other beauty, Mr Mills, of the Union Company. Miss Kemble reminded me greatly of the Misses Fosbery; and when she told me that she was born in Sligo, I gave Sligo more credit than ever I did before in my life. And, after all, Sligo is not so far from the city of fair women. None of the numerous likenesses that I have seen of Miss Kemble, are exactly like her; and, indeed, she appears to take a tantalising pleasure in just giving a suggestion of her bewitchingness—and then leaving one to fill in the details. A very fine three-quarter painting of Miss Kemble was shown here: but even in this, the best half of the lady's countenance is hidden by the handkerchief which she seizes the observer with; and the photos are, many of them, just as provoking. However, as the likenesses are—like the Presbyterian sermon—not quite satisfying, the better way would be to describe the lady. Well, even that I can't do. I know that her hair is a light golden; that her figure is absolutely perfect; that she is above the middle height, that her complexion is that of the lily of the valley, or, for that matter, of the Nile—and that is all I can say. I made a certain dame very wild indeed, and she stamped her little foot with vexation, when I told her I really had not the smallest idea how, or in what colour, Miss Kemble was arrayed—'All I can say, Madam, is,' I said, 'that she was dressed in the neatest, most tasteful, and simple manner possible!'

**A Dramatic Genius.** There is not, I suppose, an actress better known or more highly valued in the colonies than Miss Kemble. I happened to be in Sydney when Miss Kemble came back there, after her return from England, with 'Dr. Bill.' The play was far more popular in Australia than in New Zealand, and in Sydney it was perhaps more popular than anywhere else. Miss Kemble is, indeed, an immense favourite with the Sydney people, and her home is near that city. It is perhaps as a comedienne that this delightful actress enjoys the widest reputation. But she is a dramatic genius—and therefore her powers extend over the whole dramatic field. There is not, even in London, an actress who can fill the part of Leslie Brudenell (in 'The Profligate') better—and that is somewhat of a tragic character, and as difficult a part, perhaps, as ever a woman played. On this great play the curtain fell for the last time in Wellington, to-night; and to-morrow the gifted actress and her brilliant company go northwards. I shall be glad to hear that crowded houses meet one of the most talented and favourite of actresses, and as altogether charming a lady as there is in all Australia.

U T U I U T U I U T U I I

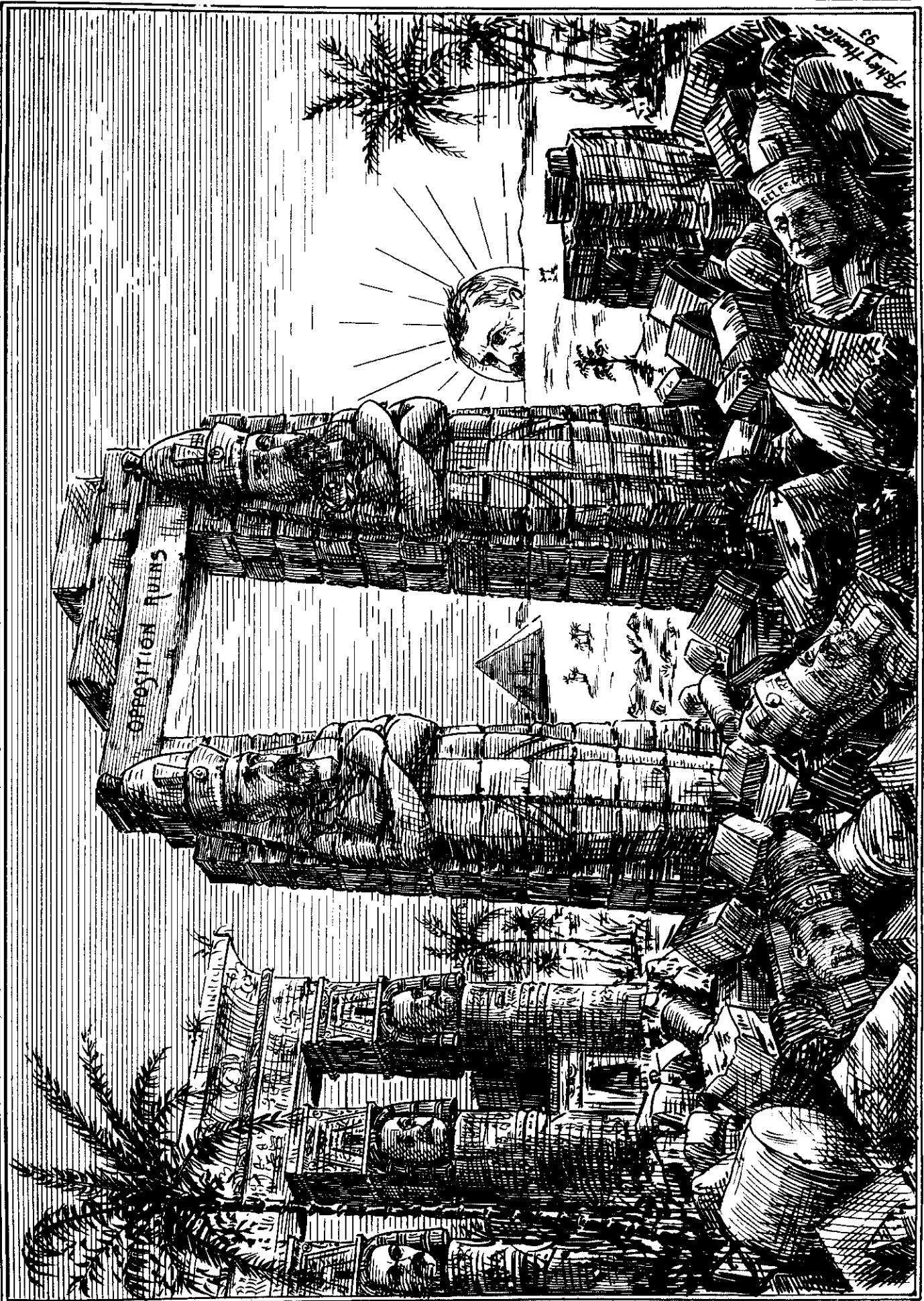
A THRILLING STORY OF OLD MAORILAND,

WILL BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY

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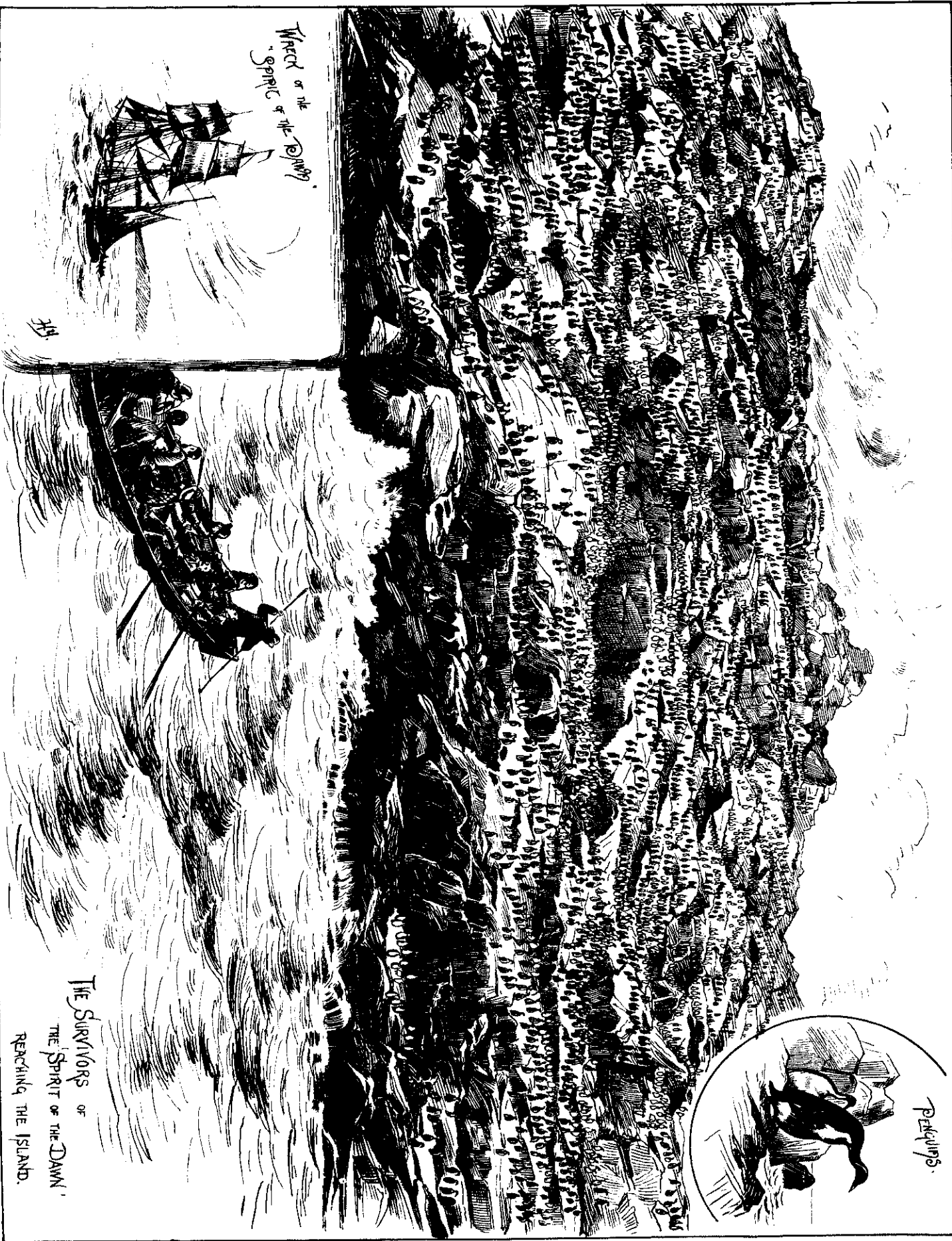
IN THE 'NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC.'

NOW IN ILLUSTRATOR'S HANDS.



“Defaced by time, and tottering in decay.”

Goldsmith.



Wreck of the  
"Spirit of the Dawn?"

The Survivors of  
the "Spirit of the Dawn"  
reaching the island.

Penguins.

WRECK ON THE ANTIPODES ISLANDS.

SKETCHED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

(SEE LETTERPRESS PAGE 517.)

# LONE LANDS.

## THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS ON THE ANTIPODES ISLANDS.

THE story of the shipwrecked crew of the ill-fated barque Spirit of the Dawn has drawn general attention to the Antipodes Islands, of which we have been placed in a position to give our readers some idea. Our pictures are from photographs kindly lent by Mr W. Deverell. They give a very faithful and realistic impression of these veritable Lone Lands so graphically described by Mr R. Carrick in his interesting pamphlet, a portion of which on the Antipodes Islands we have quoted in full:—

A forty-eight hours' passage over a high rolling sea, causing the Hinemoa to roll from side to side, as if bursting with laughter at the fun of the thing, brought us to Antipodes Island. The ship had within her living those who did not, however, look upon the thing as a joke, and if they joined in the laughter at all it was but a faint, sickly smile. The more seriously disposed, or indisposed, did not tell up at all, and the consequence was food supplies and table trimmings were decidedly at a discount. Even the announcement that we had got within hailing-distance of the rugged, jagged, topsy-turvy rocks forming

### THE OUTLANDS TO THE ANTIPODES

failed in arousing general enthusiasm. One or two more enterprising than the others ventured aboard as far as the hurricane deck, but the outlook did not seem to gladden their hearts.

Here, we had some

### EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENTS IN NATURAL PHENOMENA.

One rock we saw shot out of the water, straight up and down like a whipping post, surrounded by others, some curved and some crooked, but by far the largest number sugar-loafed and peaked. Some did make pretence of clothing themselves in soil and verdure, but in no case was the effort encouraging, and by far the greatest number seemed quite content to stand out in their naked deformities.

### CAVES AND ARCHED WAYS

there were in superabundance, differing widely from each other in size, as well as proportions. Some of the former were stiff-necked, narrow, and constrained, like mere rat-holes; others, again, were high, arched, and otherwise so beautifully outlined that they would do no discredit to the

colossal structure of a cathedral city. Many of the arched ways looked as if a ship in full sail, wind and weather permitting, would have had no difficulty in driving under, while not a single one looked too mean or despicable to do service



W. Douglas, photo. Invercargill.

MOLLY HAWKES AND PENGUINS—ANTIPODES ISLANDS.

as a triumphal arch. Some of the rocks abelved out at the top, forming gigantic verandahs; others bulged out at the bottom like flights of steps leading to and from the bottomless pit. All looked members of the one family as regards texture, but citizens of the world as regards structure.

fallen away, has formed what may be described as a shelving point, on which the sea breaks lightly, and which is sheltered from prevailing westerly winds.

The Hinemoa dropped anchor at this place, and a boating party was put on shore. The weather was exceptionally good for landing; still, it was by far the most difficult effort of the kind we had been called on to make. Outside the rocks, which are particularly sharp, jagged, and irregular, there is a thick fringe of kelp and sea-weed, through which it is most difficult to force a passage.

The low-lying rocks at the water's edge were

### LITERALLY COVERED OVER WITH PENGUINS,

hundreds and thousands being distributed about in every direction. Even the caves opening out to these ledges and other recesses were crammed full, as likewise every cranny and nook in the shelvings of the rocks. They were all busily engaged nesting, and did not seem at all well disposed to our intrusion. Judging from the appearance of the eggs, I should say the hatching season here is some weeks later than it is at the Suares, the process of incubation at the one place being much further advanced than it was at the other.

### PENGUIN WARFARE

An additional supply of penguins were shipped, and these, on being put into the pen amongst those we got at the Suares, did not take at all well to their new companions. A terrible stormy penguin korero ensued, which was kept up for a time with great animation. From words they came to blows, and for the next day or two hostilities were almost constant. Their mode of warfare is to make a dab with their beaks at each other's necks, and bring away as much of the feathers as they can manage to lay hold of. When two well-matched beaks get into dispute the encounter generally ends in a mere display of hostility. The beaks, accompanied by a croaking challenge and defiance, are extended towards each other in a most threatening manner, but, after exhausting their vituperative powers, the thing ends without further trouble. By the time a general amnesty had been proclaimed some of the belligerents had had their back hair pretty well pulled, besides exhibiting other tokens of the severity of the engagement.

### THE PENGUINS' WINTER RESIDENCE.

The penguin is a bird whose domestic economy is well worthy of more careful study than has yet been accorded. He has his winter as well as his summer residence, and he has got the great good sense to keep the former a profound secret—that is to say, he keeps it to himself. When the hatching-season is over he deserts these islands, and when



W. Douglas, photo. Invercargill.

PORT HARBOUR—ANTIPODES ISLANDS.

the season again opens he comes back to his old quarters. Where he gets to in the interim no one knows, but it has been remarked that, while he goes away lean and scraggy, he returns fat and plump.

One theory is that he reposes on the bosom of the deep, and makes his home on the ocean wave. That theory, however, is discarded by many whose opinions on the point are worthy of respect. Amongst others I would name Captain John Fairchild, of the Hinemoa, who is not only a keen observer, but who has enjoyed favourable opportunities for making observations. His contention is that they make their way to the great lone land of the south a land which still lies beyond human ken. That land, the worthy skipper contends, will yet be found; and, arguing from hypothesis, he thinks it not improbable that some of the mysteries of the deep will then be cleared up. Vessels wholly unaccounted for may have been driven on to these desolate shores, and even at the present moment the unhappy sufferers may be experiencing all the rigors of the shipwrecked mariner on a desolate shore.

In getting to and from his summer quarters the penguin proves himself a navigator of no mean degree. Observations made on these points suggest the conclusion that when they make their sea-voyages each colony or contingent forms itself into a breastwork miles and miles in length, and that whenever one catches sight of the land they are in quest of he passes the word along the line, and they all double up round the island. That information may not be strictly correct; still, in the absence of anything more reliable, we cannot do better than accept it.

WHEN THE PENGUIN TAKES TO THE WATER

he parcels himself up into a neat, sharp, diving attitude, and takes a header over the kelp, making as pretty a sweep or gyration through the surf as could well be imagined. They then go leaping and diving through the water porpoise fashion, but their movements and motions are infinitely more sharp and agile than those of that clumsy brute.

We noticed both at the Snares and at the Antipodes that a section of the colony was always in the water, either for sport, prey, or sanitary purposes, and we concluded from that that this indulgence or relaxation was accorded to each section in its turn.

It is said that if you carry away a penguin to the utmost ends of the earth, and then liberate him, he will make good his way back to the colony from whence he came. In part corroboration of that doctrine, a Snares Island penguin was liberated off Waipapa Point, south New Zealand. After floundering about for a few minutes, as if sniffing up his bearings, he immediately shaped away for the southeast, and, as far as we could see him, he was making a straight course for the Snares, not by the way we had brought him, but in a direct line.

In his billing and cooing moments he strokes down the back hair of his partner with his beak; but, as his nature is for the most part belligerent, the fighting attitude is the one most congenial to him.

ANTIPODES ISLANDS GOODS DEPOT

is situated on a high neck of land, having a fine frontage seaward. We climbed up to the depot, and, after examination, everything was pronounced correct.

On the brow of an adjoining hill two head of cattle, liberated two years ago, were seen. The pair originally liberated were a bull and a cow. The latter, after giving birth to a calf, got killed by falling over the cliff, and its skeleton is still to be seen on the ledge below. The bull is said to be a very fierce fellow, and he looked it. We only saw him at a distance, but, as it was not the distance that lends enchantment to the view, discretion became the better part of valour, and we did not seek his close acquaintanceship.

Like the Snares, the Antipodes will never become a place of great commercial value. A stray Mongolian may some day find space for a kitchen garden; but the Mongolian will have to look a long way ahead before he sees a market for the produce.

The time may come, and probably may not be far distant, when

THESE ISLANDS WILL BECOME OF IMPORTANCE FOR DEFENCE PURPOSES.

Under a judicious system of federation and federal administration both Auckland and Campbell Islands would be valuable as naval stations for the intercolonial defence of Australian and New Zealand waters. Ships of war of any build or burden could run in and out of the magnificent harbours with which they are provided without much regard to either wind or weather, and, from their situation, scour the southern ocean, in defence of each and all of the federated powers.

With a fleet such as Carnley Harbour could accommodate, and still have room to spare, no foreign foe would be at all safe in the attempt to make his descent on these waters. He would be caught in the act, and have the point disputed with him before he could make either Australian or New Zealand harbours. The costly defence-works constructed at those harbours could then be to a great extent dispensed with, and the danger of their invasion dealt with at a distance.

In that view of the question, however, the Antipodes Islands cannot participate. They have

NO HARBOURS, LITTLE OR NO SOIL, VERY LITTLE EXTENT OF COUNTRY, AND ABSOLUTELY NO HISTORY.

The best thing, therefore, to be done is to get well away from them. Pursuing that course to its practical application, after a few hours' detention, the Hinemoa cleared out for the Bounty, coming up to them at daylight in the morning.

NOTE.—In the second column of this article some of the edition was printed with two lines transposed. The first and second lines of column two should read as the third and fourth.

MUSICAL PROFESSION.

Mr ERNEST WOOD, Organist and Director of the Choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, and Conductor of the Royal and Metropolitan Liedertafel, trains youths as Musicians. Exceptional Advantages.—Daily Cathedral Service. Magnificent Four Manual Organ by Lewis of London. Students receive LESSONS on the Organ, Choir Training, Pianoforte and Theory.—For further particulars, address ORGANIST, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

SPECIAL MEETING

AT

POTTER'S PADDOCK,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS:

- TRIAL OF SHEEP DOGS, 1.30 P.M.
- PONY JUMPING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, 2.30 p.m. Under 15. Ponies under 14, 2.
- HUNTING COMPETITION FOR LADIES, 3 P.M.
- POLO MATCH, AUCKLAND V. KIHIKIHI, 3.30 P.M.
- SHEEP-SHEARING MATCH, HUNTING COMPETITION FOR GENTLEMEN (AMATEURS), 4.30 P.M.
- HEAVY-WEIGHT HUNTING COMPETITION, 5 P.M.
- LEAPING MATCH, 5.30 P.M.
- LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION, 6 P.M.

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HORSES & VEHICLES FREE.

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Entrance for Competitions, 2s 6d.

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THE PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING. Sold in Tins only.

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A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTestinal or THREAD WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.

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Tickets, 2s, obtainable from any member of the above societies, or from A. Eady and Co.

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Tickets, 4/40 at 1s each.

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70 PRIZES. 3,000 TICKETS, 1s EACH.

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS 1893-1894.

FARES:

Ordinary Return Tickets for distances under 21 miles, issued Tuesday, 19th December, 1893, to Tuesday, 2nd January, 1894, both dates inclusive, will be available for return up to and including Saturday, 13th January, 1894.

EXCURSION TICKETS, available by any train, will be issued at Auckland, Newmarket, Remuera, Greenlane, Ellerslie, Penrose, Te Papapa, Onehunga, and Glapthorpe, to the undermentioned Stations from Tuesday, 19th December, 1893, to Tuesday, 2nd January, 1894, both dates inclusive, and will be available for return up to and including Saturday, 13th January, 1894.

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NGARAWAHIA	18s.	12s.
HA MILTON WEST	20s.	13s.
OHAUPO	21s.	14s.
TE AWAMUTU	22s.	14s.
CAMBRIDGE	22s.	15s.
MORRINSVILLE	22s.	15s.
TE AROHA	22s.	15s.
OKOHOE	22s.	15s.
TARAKO (for Rotorua)	32s.	25s. 6d.

The journey must be commenced on the day of issue, and may be broken at any stopping place after traveling 20 miles from the issuing station.

These Excursion Tickets may be extended for a further period of a fortnight on payment of the difference in value between an ordinary single fare and half the excursion fare. Passengers desiring an extension must apply at the station to which the ticket was issued before the date of expiry.

These tickets will only be issued on days on which trains run. RACE TICKETS, DECEMBER 26th, 1893, JANUARY 1st AND 2nd, 1894.

Auckland, Newmarket, and Onehunga to Racecourse Platform and back, including admission to course, 2s; Rail only, 1s; Racecourse Platform to Auckland, 1s. These tickets are only available on the date of issue.

For fares from Waikato stations see special posters. For train arrangements see posters.

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## STRANGER THAN FICTION.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.



LARGE gaunt houses stood at the corner of two streets of London. The fire was blazing with such great flashes up the wide chimney that, by common consent, all the lights, save one shaded dinner-lamp, remained still unused. A 'burrows' table stood near the hearth. Sprite-like, the shadows flitted capriciously in the more distant parts of a large and even noble room, furnished, however, in an antiquated fashion, and with articles, many of which, if once splendid, were now dingy; the gilding of the cornice, for example, being tarnished, and the brass binding of the huge old sideboard having sprung, here and there, from its fastenings. The jagged ends, which had thus come to stand out, had torn an occasional dress; but that was not all for which they were remarkable. Though the house was strongly built, it had a peculiarity which the architect might have explained, and to him we leave the explanation. When the winds of the equinoctial time, or any great tempest, shook the whole street, there was not in it a house which had less to fear for its overthrow than this old building. It was a curious, indefinable motion, which went like a thrill, or a shudder, through all the parts of the dwelling. And in this great room in particular, a room on the ground floor, extending beyond the hall, the effect was peculiar; and especially at and about the antique sideboard, along whose brass binding, liberated in part, as we have said, from its original constraints, there ran a humming vibratory cadence, upon a stormy night, as if, in this spot, the powers of the air had an accomplice and partisan, holding watch within doors, and exchanging signals with them, when they roared and screamed over the roof, and beat at the windows, and tried the whole system of the walls with furious buffets. Altogether, people who knew the house, wondered why the master of it would not make it new and gay. A few modern alterations would turn it into so splendid a mansion. But, of course, he best understood what pleased himself; and he merely kept it in order, but changed it in nothing.

He was present now, at one side of the fireplace; that which commanded a view of the door, half reclining in a capacious arm-chair, and a dumb-waiter beside him. On this little table were some fruit-plates and glasses. Several other persons—all of the robust sex—formed a semicircle round the hearth; and behind them stood a large table bearing the after-dinner desert. A young man, between whom and another guest there was also a dumb-waiter, similarly furnished, sat in the corner opposite to the master of the house. Though it was Christmas eve, this youth was gloomy.

'Upon my word, Thomas Hedingham,' said the host, 'my young friend, you are charming to-night. One would think it was not the night it is. Here we are, comfortably enough contented, and surrounded with friends—real confidential friends—on the jolliest night in all the English year, and may I be hanged if you don't look as though you were going to be hanged yourself.'

'Drink your wine, Sir,' said Mr Ruscombe, in a deep voice, and with imperiousness quivering out of a double chin. 'I have been for more years than you can count in your life, a partner in our worthy host's thriving, and though I say it, great and powerful commercial house. And I maintain it, his commercial house is such that his domestic house has a right to be cheerful. Drink your wine, Sir.'

'Have you seen a ghost?' said another partner of that eminent firm. 'They grow about this time of year. Our worthy host, Mr Blamfydd, knows something about ghosts.'

'Well,' said Mr Blamfydd, 'I need not say that I am no ghost-hunter, or ghost-fancier, or ghost-seer in the ordinary acceptance; but to show our young friend yonder—who is impatient to depart, without knowing whether he would go—that it may not be such waste of his time as he supposes to listen to an old man's tale, before turning his back upon a destiny of which he little dreams, I will tell you of a passage of my own life. Hedingham rose to leave the room.

At this moment the tempest, which had been in a sort of lull, awoke and lifted itself into a paroxysm which shook the dying year with its violence, and made the ancient and solid edifice tremble and shudder in every joint. The door opened slowly, while a cold rush of wind entered the apartment; and some other and distant door in the establishment was heard to shut with a sound like thunder and with long reverberations, which seemed to fly through the edifice on missions of connotation. But this stragglng cohort of the outer storm was not the only thing which entered the room where good guests were enjoying the eve of a 'good time.'

'A lovely girl, some nineteen years of age, of fair complexion, and an exuberant wealth of light brown hair, with the illusion and enchantments of youth in the tenderness of her blue eyes—yet (as the old man whom Gil Blas met in the Andalusian hostelry would have said) with many events written already upon her radiant countenance—stood suddenly, like a vision, or shone like a star in the midst of the threshold. Hedingham, a little on one side, and she who she had come, remained for an instant confronting each other. He became pale; she, after a moment of surprise—her large blue eyes growing still larger and more luminous under the black lashes—exclaimed—

'Oh! Mr Blamfydd, do not believe! It is they—upstairs—this is a strange Christmas prank.'

The door closed, and the room seemed colder and darker for her absence.

'A strange Christmas prank, indeed!' echoed Sir Thomas Hedingham (for the gentleman, though so young, was a baronet of thirteen months standing). 'And so, Mr Blamfydd, added he, with concentrated wrath, 'is of your contrivance.'

'All, Sir, all. And now sit down and learn more than you look for.'

Unheeded in the excitement of a minute or two, the same curious sound which had been heard in the earlier part

of the evening, quivered faintly yet distinctly round the old sideboard, as Hedingham strode by, and went to resume his seat, with eyes dilated to an expression almost equally blended of anger and curiosity, and turned intently upon his host.

'There lived in a withered dwelling, not far from my father's house, a couple, whose forlorn age was consoled by the sweetness and goodness of an exquisitely beautiful girl, their only child. Ancient and noteworthy was the family; but so fallen from its pristine condition, that its present generation could not afford fires sufficient in their house to keep the mildew out of its inner walls. Somehow the parents contrived, in spite of this grinding penury, to give their daughter an education from which she drew more even than the commensurate advantages. Those attractions and blandishments of person which, in her, exercised their inviolable power, were but type of the beauties of her heart, and of the charms of her intelligence—themselves a type of something higher and more imperishable still—"beyond the flaming walls of the world" (*extra flammantia mania mundi*). I fell, at that epoch of my life, into a—Ruscombe, can you help me with a word?'

'Well, I think I can, Mr Principal; suppose we say a fit of illness.'

'Then we should not say what was very exact. This young lady of whom I speak (now not a young lady—now not living) I need not very minutely describe.'

'Why not, Sir?' demanded Thomas Hedingham.

'You are listening, are you?—Because she was the living archetype of Agnes Winmere; and of her you can judge for yourself; she stood but now at that ancient, that memorable threshold; of her we all can judge.'

'You have not mentioned the name of the other young lady, now not young, now not living,' interposed Thomas Hedingham.

'Her name!' resumed Blamfydd. 'Her name also was Agnes—Agnes Chatsworth.'

'Who was she?'

'Merely another to this Agnes.'

'She was?'

'At this epoch of my life I fell into a—can you, Tom (since Mr Ruscombe has failed—can you—about whom I have felt a solicitude, not understood by him who was chiefly interested—can you help me to a word?'

'You fell, for all I know,' answered that young gentleman, 'into a very great and confused whirlpool of love; and there came of it but little to laugh for.'

'It was just so,' proceeded the host. 'I was desperately enamoured of our fair neighbour. As I am almost quite bald, you have to learn that I possessed once a very luxuriant allowance of fine brown hair, which I kept in due condition. I am now a time beaten and austere-featured man. I was then allowed to be handsome. I was as good looking as Thomas Hedingham is at this moment, with probably rather more than his present share of knowledge of the world, and of the art de se faire valoir, or, in plain old English, the art of making the most of oneself. The dilapidated dwelling of the Chatsworths stood between my father's house and the mansion of the Winmere family—about half-way; and there, in that decayed abode, shone the fair light of Agnes, in the broken lamp of a ruined, but still respected, because ancient, family residence. It will readily be supposed that the last of the Chatsworths had numerous suitors. Among them was young Winmere—a desperate profligate. He was my only formidable rival. Agnes preferred him. When I found this to be the fact—no matter what I felt—here I am—but I said that she had made a great mistake.'

'I am telling true things; therefore, I will add that I had no idea how great that mistake was. A curious incident occurred. Young Winmere, misinterpreting the exterior tranquillity which proceeded from a philosophic mind, asked me one day to dine at an inn, and, after dinner, being flushed with wine, laid the forefinger of his right hand upon his nose, and imparted to me the sublime fact, that he was only fooling Agnes, that his social position made it of course absurd,—that is, criminal, according to his views—to think of such an alliance; and that what he intended was, not the impropriety of a marriage with such a girl, but the pleasantry of her ruin.'

'What did you do then, Sir?' cried Hedingham.

'My course then, young man, was what yours would have been. It was that of proceeding, at once, and right on to a great crime. I know not by what infatuation of confidence or vanity Winmere was led to make that confession, and to make it to me. Our dinner came to an abrupt conclusion. I dashed a glass in his face, and we arranged to meet next morning. I sat long by the deserted dinner-table sunk in a none too pleasant reverie, and that evening glided off, like a dissolving view, into a duel the next morning. It was in a neighbouring orchard. I was hit in the ribs, and I have the mark to this day. Curiously enough, the forefinger which he had laid upon his nose was shot off; he could never more fire a pistol with precision, unless he gave the left side to his opponent. The second pronounced the affair over. Unable to write, I sent a verbal warning to Agnes, by my own mother; and before I rose from my sick bed I heard of her marriage with Winmere.'

'In course of time I also heard of the birth of her daughter—the young lady who, but now, stood in the doorway of this room.'

'In order to be very brief, I will tell you certain facts, without troubling you with the ways, marvellous though they be, in which I afterwards learnt them. Study the Game of the Twenty Questions, and you will solve the mystery.'

'The extraordinary endowments of Agnes, both personal and mental, would have made such a wife an ornament to a Duke; nay, a help to him, or even to an Emperor, to say no more about ornaments. But our amiable friend Winmere was fastidious. This was his town house, which I hold, though not very long, by purchase. When he closed the bargain with my agent, he little guessed to whom he was selling the place. I have his signature to the contract; and I may say it would be better written, in point of calligraphy,

only he wanted a finger through former interference of the pistol of the unknown buyer. Well, he did not treat poor Agnes as she merited. He recognised in her no ornament, or help. For example he had a habit of beating her. You perceive that the brass binding of that old sideboard is loosened; and hark, at this very moment, it is emitting a peculiar noise, a sort of wailing song, which it learned on first acquiring its vagabond manumission, from the enforced mechanical decorum with which it formerly clove to the old wood, and clung to its place. A blow which would have been death fell on the sideboard instead of falling on the wife, all owing to the inopportune and unexpected frenzy of assassins which the lively child whom you have just beheld brought to her mother. And that quaint old mountain of furniture talks, mutters, sings, and moans, ever since in a style quite distraught and tremulous, and terror-stricken. Immediately afterwards Mr and Mrs Winmere, with their only child Agnes, went to the country, and dwelt in a little cottage, which the husband of my escaped, vanished, ruined Egéria had procured. One day, in this spot, she was weeping over a letter, when Winmere came suddenly into the room. I must mention that the marriage with Agnes had been a very private transaction. There had been no wedding, none of the customary festivities. With the exception of the parents of the unhappy girl, the person who officiated, his old clerk or sexton, and two special witnesses, not a soul was present at the celebration of the event. The whole company, you will observe, made eight persons including the bride, and bridegroom. Of these eight persons three only were young—Mr Winmere, about my age (at that jocular era of my days), Agnes, and one of the signatory witnesses, a man named William Austin. This individual was Winmere's own body servant, or valet. His colleague in the office of attestation was not, like him, young—it was the poor dear bride's nurse, Jane Saunders—then past sixty. As for the person, he was at that epoch an octogenarian, and he died the next year, in the spring, being followed into eternity by his old dotard sexton the autumn succeeding. No sooner was the ceremony over than the wedded couple went off to Wales; and I will do Winmere the justice to say that he treated his wife well and fondly for the first three or four weeks. His barbarities commenced not till the second month. What is very singular is, that, so far from interposing any difficulties to the poor girl's possible communication of complaints or repinings to her aged parents, he seemed to favour that proceeding in every conceivable manner. Sometimes, after a couple of months of systematic and unintermitted persecution, such as a husband if so inclined (and, if so inclined, such as a wife also), can, by nameless nothings, inflict upon a partner for life—for life, indeed, yet, in such cases, not necessarily for long—he would, oddly enough, suggest a visit on the part of poor Agnes, unaccompanied, to her father and mother, who were now last descending together to an aged grave amid the desolations of Chatsworth Grange. Whatever Mr Winmere's motive was appears more clearly to the All-Seeing Ruler than it appeared to Agnes. It was when the present Agnes was about twelve years of age that her grandparents died, the widow surviving old Chatsworth not quite three months. For some years she used to weep a good deal and her eyes were not dry till they were closed for ever, for she had set much store about the fate of the only child she ever had. I may just allude to it. The preference of Agnes Chatsworth for Charles Winmere over Harry Blamfydd was never sanctioned by any similar predilection of her parents. Sorrow yielded its consent; fear superseded the sorrow; death relieved both feelings; and Agnes Winmere was an orphan wife, to whom her peculiar husband was no countervailing solace. "Remember, my dear child," the mother had said to her on the wedding-day, "though you are married to a rich man, your only property now is that plain gold ring, and a mother's prayers."

'Winmere, who heard this valediction, muttered something about "Those who are nice in selecting investments ought to be, and always are, careful in the matter of security."

'Now, I must return to the letter which Agnes, while still in mourning for her parents, held in her hands, when Winmere suddenly entered the room.'

'What are you whimpering about?' cried he.

'Nothing, Charles; only an ill-spelt, humble letter, telling me that Jane Saunders, my old nurse, is dead.'

'Saunders? Jane—Jane! That was one of the witnesses who was here?'

'Witness to what? She was my nurse. Surely you must remember her. She was at our wedding—I mean our marriage—in the old priory church.'

'I do remember. It was she who delayed your getting into the carriage, having still a lot of embraces to do, and so on?'

'She will never delay me again, from any journey. She is gone herself; and, oh, Charles, Charles, she cannot come back!'

'Hah!' muttered he, leaving the room.

'Holy Writ tells us, my dear younger, Tom, that "with desolation is the whole earth laid desolate, because there is no one who thinketh, in his heart." And some little incidents occurred immediately which illustrate the value of (to use an old term) this inspired "documentum." And the mother of Agnes was (poor girl!) no very great thinker—forgive a chance phrase, gentlemen; the lady whom I have for the second time termed a girl is, this long while, dead and gone; and I am, I see, half unfit to tell my story.'

'I never thought you more fit to tell anything,' said Hedingham, with prompt intonation.

'Well, nature makes you her spokesman, lad,' replied Blamfydd, 'and as my reminiscences, such as they may be, bear upon the coming events of this very evening, the events I say, of this particular Christmas eve, I will dispatch them off hand in the most straightforward manner I can. Agnes—that is the first Agnes—was not, perhaps, a thinker; but she had those feelings which women often have, and men not seldom; feelings which make them more (they could not say with what views) certain ornaments more than others, and remember them more distinctly (they could not say for what reason). Thus, a mother with her child, shall go aboard a ship bound for a long voyage; and, perhaps, she shall select her cabin; and then she takes an unaccountable aversion to the vessel, and returns on shore, and tells her friends she will not go by that craft. And this may happen, by repetition, two or three times on the one occasion; and, ultimately, the mother stays behind with her child. A few days afterwards the news of the wreck of the ship, and of the loss of all hands on board, startles the public for a moment, and fills a few householders with more permanent and more painful emotions; but there is one

family on its knees in perplexed and bewildered thanksgiving, asking itself, "can such warnings really be" and humbly praying for those who have gone too suddenly to an endless condition, which none of themselves have been called to share.

But what is more curious, more suggestive, and more calculated "to give us pause," is this: that impressions not at all dissimilar to the vague feelings to which I have just adverted often take possession of the mind *infructuously*. No visible good comes of them; no assignable rescue or ex-trication occurs to excuse the amiability of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* sophism. Such were the feelings or impressions with which Agnes, having told her husband of the old nurse's death, viewed one or two little incidents that now took place. The first was very simple. It was only that William Austin, Mr Winmere's valet, was next morning

to her mistress, that all men were alike vile, that to trust was to be deceived, and that William was going to travel abroad—and alone; that everything was over in fact; that the world was at an end, and that some people's heads were 'easily turned,' and their hearts, 'like the inside of a rotten apple.' Poor Sally's parched lips looked indeed as if she had tasted the ashes of the Dead Sea apple; for the girl was by nature one of those who hoping much, risk a good deal.

The next incident was, that William Austin departed, and appeared no more. What occurred thereafter was equally commonplace. A candidate valet presents himself, with a character of five years from his former master, a gentleman in a distant part of the same country, but well-known in all its confines, and beyond them. This servant, so his character ran, had been a butler; but, not answering so well in that capacity, had been transferred to the other

tract (as she had, for the same purpose, brought the deceased nurse), was now inheritor of some "Hindoo tin"—to borrow the polished and sentimental Mr Winmere's characteristic expression—and was on the Continent drinking his legacy; nobody knew where; if not already dead, anybody might guess how. The parson who had officiated at the happy couple's union was, like his old sexton, buried in Chatsworth churchyard. Finally, a man named Gardner, with a five years' character, had entered Mr Winmere's service; and the document which he had brought from his former place, and which had secured his reception, was lost. Those are the facts which I wished to recall to your minds, in a short way. The fresh circumstances which I have to add, and which would have been new to Agnes Winmere as it is to you, is, that her husband, who now never allowed her to quit that rustic cottage, where he resided but very



*I sat long by the deserted dinner-table sunk in a none too pleasant reverie, and that evening glided off, like a dissolving view, into a duel the next morning.*

closeted with his master two hours. In that circumstance there was not, apparently, much aliment for reflection. Unhappily (I must say it again), the community is divided into two classes, very uneven, numerically—the class of those who do think, and the class of those who do not; and for mere want of the former, we know that the world "is laid desolate with desolation." A great difference there is between brooding and thinking; between finding yourself anxious (which is but the first step, and a useless step, if not followed up), and real investigation; between feeling indefinitely uneasy or uncomfortable, and reflecting. The next incident was, that William Austin got drunk the same night, at the Winmere Arms, upon small beer; that he grew hilarious, communicative, nebulous, unintelligible, sphinx like, and brazen; that he mentioned the death of a distant relative in Hindostan, and his own accession to an unexpected and 'tidyish' property; that the indignant Sally, Mrs Winmere's maid, to whom the faithless William was betrothed, reported, in a rhapsody of hysterical tears,

department; and, after serving as a valet, to the full satisfaction of his master, was now—because his master wished to go abroad, and the man wished to stay in England—discharged, in all amity, his good name intact. This testimonial was written in the well known hand of Viscount Hailey, and signed with his name. The man—who was called Gardner—was taken into service by Mr Winmere; which fact is not at all singular. The testimonial in question, was, however, not returned to the man, but kept by Mr Winmere; and by Mr Winmere (as he stated to Gardner) it was mislaid or lost. Nor was this very remarkable, any more than the previous particular links in the little chain of events.

Now let me recapitulate, in the briefest mode, adding one fresh circumstance—Agnes had lost both her parents; and the last time she had seen them, while in company with her husband, was at her wedding. Her old nurse, who had also been present on that occasion, was dead. William Austin, whom her husband had brought to witness the con-

little himself, had, about a year before, met in London, during one of his frequent and protracted absences, a lady of very great wealth and of extraordinary beauty, whom he no sooner beheld than he fell violently in love with her, or with her fortune, or with both. The years that had passed, the privacy of his domestic life, and the accident of a different circle, led her to suppose him an unmarried man; and she soon began to favour the attentions which he knew so well how to pay, and with which he had vehemently pursued her from the first. The more easy his suit grew in this particular, the more perplexing became his general position. The failure of his addresses would have brought no difficulties, but would have relieved him from one great embarrassment; whereas the success of his prosperous love for a beautiful heiress menaced him with disgrace and despair.

I return to the cottage. Mr Winmere suddenly missed some property. One of the articles was a diamond ring, of marvellous value—a wonder of a ring. He said nothing; but,



having departed without any disturbance, in the morning, returned at night with two police officers; and, summoning all his servants, insisted upon an immediate search of their rooms, their boxes, and their effects. It was done accordingly, and, in a trunk belonging to the servant Gardner were found the ring and the diamond appertaining to it; but the jewel was detached from its setting, and appeared to have been snipped out with some violence. The object, apparently, was to effect a separate, immediate, and undetected sale. Gardner, who seemed overwhelmed with astonishment, professed himself innocent, but, of course, he was consigned to the hands of the two officers. Subsequently, at the assizes, the man was liberated, as there appeared no prosecutor. What became of the servant whose character was thus blasted transpired not for some time. Perhaps a year might have elapsed, when one day, at the Chataworth Parsonage, or Rectory, where the new Rector was in want of a servant, there presented himself, as desirous of the vacant place, a very proper-looking man named Gardner. You will remember that the Rectory in question was in a part of England remote from Mr Wimmer's present county, the local news of which, more especially in trivial matters, such as an obscene indictment never pushed to a conclusion, did not penetrate to so great a distance. The Rector knew nothing about Gardner's previous accusation and exposure. He asked for his character. *The man produced a five years' charter from Lord Hailey, then abroad; adding that since quitting his Lordship's service he had lived with his own mother, just dead. The parson, finding the man very tractable in respect to wages, engaged him. This happened in Cumberland, while Mr Wimmer was absent from his home, which was in Wales. He was absent in Paris, whence he wrote to Agnes, who had the habit of keeping all his letters, as he knew. Now, the Rev. Mr Curton's new servant, Gardner, about two months after he had been engaged, disappeared suddenly from the Rectory, and was never heard of more. Another month, during which Mr Wimmer continued to write from Paris, to Agnes—but giving her no address—elapsed; and then that gentleman returned home. I forgot to tell you a singular little thing which had occurred, on the occasion when Wimmer brought, as you will remember, the two police-officers to search his servants' effects, and ultimately to take the man Gardner into custody. Wimmer had then treated the two officers with refreshments, had himself sat and chatted in their company, and had repeatedly designated Agnes to them as "his mistress." I now return. When he came home from Paris, he stayed about a month; and then left the cottage and Agnes. It was the last time she ever saw him. He had told her for what amount she could draw on his banker periodically, and she lived with her child alone. She grieved not much, you may suppose, at his continued absence; until, one day, she saw in the papers the announcement, in customary form, of her husband's marriage with the beautiful Miss Wjborough, "only daughter and heiress of C. Wyborough, of —, Esq., etc." I pass over her amazement, her horror, her reflections, on the consequences to Agnes, her only child, thus paraded for ever as illegitimate. Her first step was to hasten to London to see Wimmer; which she found she could in no manner accomplish, being steadily referred, as an impudent impostress, to his solicitor. She then consulted a lawyer, whose first demand was to see the certificate or attested copy of the register in which her marriage was recorded. She could produce no such document, but still avowed her determination to obtain from the law justice to herself and to her child. The next proceeding was a journey to Cumberland, in company with her legal adviser (a clever man), to inspect the register itself. Strange to say, they found that not only the page containing what concerned her, but many other pages, affecting entries of various dates, and of several years, at irregular intervals, were torn out. The manner in which this was done was remarkable. Had only that one page been missing, the inferences, though dark and mysterious, would have justified a certain amount of presumption of, no doubt, a dreadful nature. But so many parts of the book mutilated! Some leaves were only half torn; in several were marks of tobacco juice; between two the flattened stump of a cigar was found wedged in the juncture; three or four of them were singed at the edges, and one was burnt through as if with a dropped spark. The actual Rector had either not noticed the state of the book (which was perfect in its more recent pages), or had not liked to mention it. He never smoked, and had no one in his establishment who did; never had had, except one; and the man in question, a dissipated, drunken, and biased character, as was afterwards learnt, had been with him only a couple of months, and had suddenly disappeared, and never been seen since; he had suddenly disappeared, taken nothing, not even some new but coarse shirts, marked with his name, H. Gardner. The lawyer made notes of all these particulars, and departed with his dismayed client. On their way back to London, he asked her the names of her witnesses, and of every person she could recollect who had been present at her marriage. He found that all were certainly dead, except William Austin, whom she knew not to be dead, but knew not to be living, and of whom she had irrecoverably lost sight ever since he had inherited his 'Indian property,' and gone, as she supposed, to Calcutta. Every effort was made by private inquiry, and by public advertisement, to discover this individual; but every effort was in vain. Still, the distracted lady, for the sake of her girl Agnes, would appeal to the law. A prosecution for bigamy was undertaken against Wimmer, and it failed utterly. Nay, the public judged that the prosecutrix had been always notoriously esteemed by those who knew anything about her at all as the salaried mistress of Wimmer; the evidence of the two police-officers who had arrested Gardner tending strongly to countenance and establish that conclusion. One point more. Had Gardner any resentment against the lady? And had he, when with the Rector, destroyed the register, out of malice? On the contrary, it was Wimmer who had been harsh to Gardner, and it was at the lady's intercession that Wimmer had refused to prosecute. The result of the trial completed the work of crushing and killing the unfortunate and broken-hearted lady who had been my first love. I had not seen her for twenty years since the epoch of my only duel. I now received a note, signed "Agnes Wimmer," summoning me to her death bed. There she told me all that she knew; and adjured me, as she was dying, and dying a lawful wife and wedded mother, to adopt her poor orphan, and to right her falsely dishonoured name. I accepted the charge, desperate as part of it appeared; I accepted it with tears and with sobe; and, kneeling with that*

beauteous orphan, whom you have all beheld, by the death-bed, received along with her the last blessing of a murdered, wronged, and spotless woman.

That night, the night of her departure to another world, Wimmer and his new wife were seated together in this room, and at this fireplace, with just such a storm as the storm to which we now listen raging round this old building. It was the first house to which he had formerly brought poor Agnes. The bride was musing; the bridegroom was reading. Suddenly something made both turn together, and gaze in the direction of that old sideboard; and, with her right hand resting upon its brass edge, and her left lifted, as in warning, and shining with the single plain adornment of a wedding ring, the reproachful vision of the dead stood before the living. Many like things took place, gentlemen, with which I will not trouble you on this occasion. Hark to that tremulous descent of the intricate fastenings and bindings themselves! They witnessed many a murderous cruelty, and many a mysterious *reminder*. But to night, in this house, which I have purchased, and in this very room, I can say that I have kept my solemn pledge to the departed. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

A pause here ensued; and then Mr Blamfydd concluded: "It was manifest to me that the only chance of justice was, that William Austin should be still living, and should be produced. I meditated long how to proceed. If the man live, said I, the reason, and the sole possible reason why he should never have been accessible or discoverable, is that he has been so managed by him who alone has an awful interest in his concealment. No one knows who he is, or where he is, or can know it—I added in my own meditation—save Wimmer himself. By Wimmer he is paid, maintained, and kept at a distance. I felt that one false step would ruin my last chance. I reasoned closely as I used to reason in "The Twenty Questions." Having determined on my plan, I sought a clever fellow on whom I could rely; and, having carefully and perfectly disciplined him in his part, I arranged every preparation. I knew that if I was unhappily wrong in my assumptions, that to do what I desired was an impossibility in every respect. Therefore I proceeded on the basis of being entirely correct in my first logical data. As Wimmer must know where this man was, in order to supply him with his allowance, to preserve means of intercourse with him, and to keep him out of a risk of destroying his guilty paymaster, it was absolutely certain that, if Wimmer could be alarmed into suspecting that we were on the traces of the missing witness, his very first measure would be to communicate with this minor but vital accomplice, either by letter or personally. All business must necessarily cede at once to momentous necessity. Just before the last London post went out, I called, and rushed into Wimmer's presence, with an air compounded of excitement, indignation, and triumph. I told him that all was at last discovered. "Austin lives," cried I, "and you shall meet your dues!" I said no more, but sternly departed. The man had lived in terror of this very chance for years. Either I was right, I repeat, in this, or I had undertaken what was a sheer impossibility. But, thanks to Divine Providence, I was right.

"In less than a quarter of an hour, a man, muffled in a cloak, came out of this house, and crept, through the dusk, to the post office. Of course no one can put a letter into the box without stretching out his arm. As Wimmer did so, a drunken man, who staggered near him, fell over the extended arm, bearing the precious letter to the ground. The drunkard took up the letter, read the superscription, and, hiccuping an apology, handed it back to Wimmer. That drunken man was that clever agent. In less than five minutes I learned that the missive was addressed to a "M. Jacques, Rue du Pont, No. 8 Brest." I reached Brest as soon as the letter; I found that M. Jacques was William Austin! and William Austin is now, while I speak, in this house.

Heddingham, the reason you are so depressed is, that Agnes has refused you; but the reason Agnes refused you is that she had a blight upon her own inherited fause; and that blight is now removed for ever. She shall be reintegrated in her parent's repute before all the world; and this night, Heddingham, my dear boy, she will cancel her own award against you. This is the story which I had to tell; and many a merry Christmas and many a happy new year may you enjoy with Agnes, Lady Heddingham. That, I repeat, is all the story I had to tell. My own early hopes perished in this dark underground tragedy; but, at length, in the second generation, I have lived to see it flow out into the sunshine, and close in peace!

When he ended, one present—a staid and truth spoken man of business, whose name himself—declared solemnly that he saw, near the old sideboard, amid the dimness and the shadows, a lady in white, deadly pale, but smiling sweetly, wave for a moment from her left hand the glittering of a wedding-ring, and then disappear, just as the joybells at twelve, rang in the Christmas morning.

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CONSULTATION FREE.

The Doctor cures with absolute certainty all Chronic, Skin, Blood, Heart, Lung, Kidney, Nervous and Complicated Diseases of MEN and WOMEN.

## CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and sustentaculum tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured by a few simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 2d stamp by

A. HUTTON DIXON,

43 & 45 EAST BLOOR STREET,

TORONTO, CANADA.

Scientific American.



evening dress: Miss Thomson, cream silk; Miss Heather, pink; Miss Hoffman, light evening costume; Miss Baker, fawn...

DRESSES AT A PRETTY POMPONBY WEDDING. Mrs Stewart, mother of the bride, wore a handsome black silk, lace mantle and bonnet...

DRESSES AT THE YOUNG LADIES' ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. All the lady performers wore white except Mrs Laird Alexander, who wore lilac silk veiled with black lace...

DRESSES WORN AT OPENING OF BOWLING GREEN. Mrs Parkinson, black silk, pretty black hat; Mrs Mackay, black dress and bonnet...

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 7. DRESSES WORN AT MRS GORING'S WEDDING. The chief feature about the dresses was the amount of green and mauve that was worn and the number of artificial flowers...

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to their various committees and workers in connection with the recent election, and the Skating Rink, where it was held, was comfortably filled...

Mr and Mrs Duthie gave the same kind of entertainment one night at Thomas' Hall to all Mr Duthie's supporters and workers, and again very pleasant evening was spent...

THE LAST CHAMBER CONCERT. Unfortunately, it turned out a wet night for the last of the series of Chamber concerts, but it did not appear to have much effect on the audience...

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 7. MRS REGINALD HART'S WEDDING. which were crowded out of the account in Orange Blossoms. Mrs Neilson wore a handsome dress of a figured material shot with apricot, pink and green...

CHRISTCHURCH.

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BLenheim.

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 5. A charming dance was given on Monday at Meadow Bank, Blenheim, by Mrs G. B. Richardson, which was much enjoyed by the sixty or seventy guests...

ONE OF THE NICEST AND BEST-MANAGED PARTIES given in the district. The atmosphere was very prettily draped and decorated and hung with coloured Japanese lanterns...

THE MARLBOROUGH A. AND P. SHOW on Tuesday was a great success, and despite the windy showery afternoon there was the largest attendance known for years...

The Show was largely attended, and the Concert Fund benefited to over £30. Mr Thomas Redwood's pretty grounds were looking charming, and tea and music was much enjoyed.

THE SHOWING. On Wednesday had a very wet day, but the exhibits were far better than for some time past, and the attendance (in the evening) very large...

PICTON.

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 5. BLENHEIM BACHELORS. Mrs Waddy, black lace with silk bodice and puffed sleeves, neckline of pink roses...

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NELSON.

DEAR BEE, DECEMBER 6. Owing to there being no steamer from Nelson this week on Thursday, I must post this letter a day earlier...

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HASTINGS.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 30. In my anxiety to catch the mail I had to leave out sundry important items respecting the wedding of Miss Williams...

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'The Coals Thereof are as Coals of Fire.'

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.



do my very best to make her happy all her life; and she promised to marry me in the autumn.

You see I wasn't a pretty man. I was, to make the statement short and true, as ugly as beetling black brows and great flats like sledge hammers and a thick nose and a square jaw could make a young fellow, and girls did not generally care for me.

And yet I was always kind to a woman, young or old; couldn't bear to see one imposed upon, and would have done anything I could for the slightest of them. My politeness wasn't all for those I admired, but women don't care much for anything but looks in a man. They don't care for any one who isn't like a Christmas doll or a wax figure in a barber's window. That's what I used to say to myself, and now this sweetest, best, loveliest of all of them loved me. Why, I felt as if I must be crazy to believe it. I asked her over and over again; and I was too happy—too happy. Yes, far too happy.

We were not a fine lady and gentleman. I made fireworks, and was considered good at my trade and reliable, and was a foreman in one of the departments. I felt that I could take care of a wife when I had one, and Rose had come to work at the pretty fancy work they put into the girls' hands some time before.

But she was a lady if looks and heart and manners are to be counted. And she had a good plain education. So had I, and I don't believe that any of your stylish folk were ever happier or more hopeful; and after the Sunday in the woods, we set to work with a will, looking forward to our little home more than most folks, perhaps, for she was an orphan and so was I, and we had neither kith nor kin on earth. And so the time sped by and the fifth of November came close at hand, and we were very busy at the factory, and a nephew of Mr Varden (it was Varden's factory we were working at) came down to help. He was very handsome and the girls all admired him, and even Rose said to me half a dozen times:

'Oh! isn't he lovely, John?'

And somehow I hated to hear her say it. She wouldn't if she had known what a jealous fellow I was.

To add to her savings, Rose was doing—so she said—some fine embroidery for Miss Lawrence, a very rich young lady in the village, and had to go over to see her about it of evenings. In ordinary times I could have gone with her, but we were too busy just this time. However, one day I had an errand to do that took me out about the time she started, and so, wrong or right, I meant to take a little more time and go so far with her, and I waited behind a church wall to see her come up, meaning to have a little fun over it.

It was poor fun for me as it turned out, for I heard steps and voices in a moment, and peeping out, saw Rose, indeed, but with Richard Varden at her side. They seemed to be talking very sociably, and they passed me in a great hurry. I was blind with rage for a moment. Then I said to myself, after all he may only have happened to be walking the same way, and, perhaps, she'll tell me about it, and I went back to my work; but when I saw Rose, though I mentioned Richard Varden, she did not say anything of the walk.

And so it came into my mind, being of a wicked, brooding nature, to watch my Rosebud, as I had called her; and as listeners never hear any good of themselves, so spies always discover some evil, or think they do. It was not long afterward that I saw Mr Richard walk up to the lunch-basket Rose carried to the factory, and slip something into it, folded in paper; and afterward, when Rose opened the basket, I saw what it was—a letter. She laughed softly to herself, wrapped it up again, and slipped it under the silk handkerchief she wore about her neck. After that, I had no more happiness, no more peace. I was always trying to lead Rose on to betray herself, but she never seemed to dream I suspected anything. She told me a good deal about the Lawrences, and how they quarrelled, years before, with the Vardens about a little slip of dump land by the river, and how bitter grandfather Lawrence was over it, and how foolish the younger people thought it.

One day I said:

'You are well informed on these family affairs of the Vardens, it seems to me.'

And she answered:

'Oh, yes, Miss Lawrence tells me a great deal.'

'Perhaps it is Richard Varden,' I said.

She only laughed, as if that were a great joke. And so the holiday came round. That day I wakened in a good mood. I said to myself, 'Rose can't be deceiving me. She's not that sort. I'll throw all my suspicions to the winds. He may be in love with her, but she will never encourage him. She loves me; and if I ask her up and down she'll tell me all about it.' And so I went to her early, and asked her to go with me on a pleasant trip I knew we could take, and spend day and evening together.

'We needn't go home until nine,' I said, 'and we'll be very happy.'

I put my arm about her waist, and she laid her cheek against my shoulder.

'I'm so sorry, John,' she said, 'but I can't go.'

'Can't go?' I cried.

'No,' she said; 'I am engaged for all day—yes, and all the evening, too.'

'What! You don't mean that?' said I.

'Yes,' she said, 'and it's an engagement I cannot break.'

'What are you going to do? Whom are you going with?' I asked.

'Can't tell you,' she said laughing. 'After to-morrow you'll know.'

'After to-morrow?' I repeated. 'What if I say you must tell me now.'

'I should say I wouldn't,' she answered.

'Very well,' said I; 'I'll go alone.'

I turned from her without a kiss for the first time since our engagement, and I went away and hid myself where I could watch her. Soon I saw a curious thing. Some one carried a trunk to the door of the house she boarded at, and I saw her speak to the man about it. Then I watched her window from an upper room of the factory. She was packing the trunk. Then again I saw Mr Richard call a boy to him and give him a note, and I saw him give it into Rose's hand. After that she let the curtain down, and I could see no more.

Mr Richard kept about the place all day, and the July evening was long and bright. I watched him constantly. He was arranging papers, seemingly fixing matters as though he were going away. He thought nothing of seeing me about, at least he said nothing. At last he sat down to his desk and wrote a letter, which he set upon a rack, and then his work being over, he seemed to get ready to go away.

When he was gone I went to the desk. The letter was addressed to old Mr Varden. The edges of the envelope were not dry. I acted like a madman, I know, when I opened it; but I did it, and this was what I read:

MY DEAR UNCLE.—I hope you will not think me ungrateful when you hear I have gone away to marry some one of whom you are sure to disapprove. We loved each other—that is, my only excuse.

I sealed the letter again and staggered down into the open air. It was quite dark now, and the place was very empty. Most of the people were away on visits or excursions. There was only one thought in my mind. That was to kill myself. I had a pistol, and I found it and loaded it. My intention was to go to that spot in the woods where I had asked Rose to be my wife and there kill myself, but as I passed out again, I looked up. Mr Richard had returned to the office. There was a light there, a swinging lantern directly over his head. He had apparently come back to make some alterations in his letter. He opened it, added some lines, and sealed it again. And now he was ready to finish robbing me of the joy of my life, of the only thing that seemed valuable to me on earth.

Satan took full possession of me. I felt him enter into my soul. I lifted the pistol and took aim at the bandsome head on which the lamp light fell so brightly. Not good aim though. The bullet missed its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw a great blaze spring up in an instant; the firework factory was on fire. The next instant there was a horrible report. I was hurled a long distance away, and came to myself bruised and giddy but able to rise. All the place was full of people now. I heard my name, and turned and saw Rose at my side.

'Oh, thank God, darling!' she said; 'thank God! Oh, thank me, that I may know you are alive! Oh, my love, my love!'

She threw her arms about me. I held her close.

'But he is in there,' she sobbed. 'Mr Richard—oh! he is there! and what will poor Miss Lawrence do? They were to be married to-night. They were to elope together. I was to be her bridesmaid. I have been making her dress, for she did not dare tell anyone else. Oh, poor, poor Miss Lawrence! He must be dead!'

The truth rushed on me. I saw all my blind folly, remembered the feud between the two families, and knew that Rose had been helping Miss Lawrence to correspond with her lover; and I had murdered a man who had done me no wrong. God knew who else was about the place, with how much crime my soul was assorted. Then a great hope thrilled me.

'Perhaps he isn't dead,' I said. 'I'm going in after him. I'll bring him out alive or die with him. Good-bye, dearest. If I never see you again, remember I loved you. I'm a wicked wretch, but I loved you.'

I put her from me while she screamed for me to stay, and then I dashed into the burning place.

Afterward they said it was a miracle. Perhaps it was. The angels may have felt that it was well that I should live to repent my sins a little longer. I found my victim in what seemed a red hot furnace, lying senseless on his face. I covered that face with my own soft hat, and I dashed out again. I don't know how I did it. I was very strong, very big, and he was slight and slender.

They brought him to, first. He had only been a little scorched and singed about the shoulders. As for me, I knew nothing for a week, and I had some ugly scars about me that did not improve my looks; but Rose seemed to love me more for them, and Mr Richard had his fair girl's beauty quite unaltered.

They called me a hero, but it was only while I was too weak to speak that I permitted it. One day I made confession. I called Rose to my bedside, and I called him. I told them all, and they forgave me; yes, they both forgave me. I think they were angels.

No one had been hurt but me, and there was only some loss of money.

'Jealousy is insanity,' Mr Richard said, 'and I owe my life to you. Had I been the scoundrel you thought me, I should have deserved death.'

As for Rose, she cried as if her heart would break, pitying me. And I think Satan left me forever then, and I have had neither hate nor jealousy in my heart since that day, and often I turn to that page of the Bible on which these words are written:

'Jealousy is cruel as the grave, and the coals thereof are as coals of fire, which burn with a most vehement flame.'

and think how true it is and how nearly jealousy ruined all our lives, and how close my soul has been to perdition.



MR. T. J. CLUNE,  
Of Walkerville, South Australia.

Completely cured of Indigestion and Liver Complaint by the use of six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It is what others testify to from personal experience and knowledge of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA that tells the story.

"Six years ago I had an attack of Indigestion and Liver Complaint that lasted for weeks; I was unable to do any hard work, had no appetite, food distressed me, and I suffered much from headache. My skin was sallow and sleep did not refresh me. I tried several remedies and consulted a doctor without obtaining any relief; finally one of my customers recommended your Sarsaparilla, it helped me from the first, relieved the distress about my liver, caused my food to set well on my stomach, stopped my headaches, and restored my appetite, in fact, after taking six bottles I was completely cured and could eat anything and sleep like a child."—T. J. CLUNE, Walkerville, South Australia.

ASK FOR AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Take no other!

By using Ayer's Sarsaparilla the blood is thoroughly cleansed and invigorated and the appetite stimulated.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.  
Has cured others, will cure you.

SHAKESPEARE

ON

EMPIRE TEA COMPANY'S  
BLENDS.

YOUR TEAS, like your Advertisements, are—

'Arguments of mighty strength!'—  
'HENRY VI.'

'You have won a happy victory!'—  
'CORIOLANUS.'

'Excellence did earn it!'—'MUCH ADO  
ABOUT NOTHING.'

EVERY BLEND

'It indeed perfection!'—'OTHELLO.

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Profusely Illustrated with PORTRAITS of the WINNING CREWS.

BALL PROGRAMMES, ETC.

JUST received, a beautiful assortment of Ball Programmes, also Cards and Pencils. Wedding, Invitation, Visiting Concert and Menu Cards executed on the shortest notice.

NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC PRINTING WORKS,

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.

Price, 1s. 6d. To be had from all Booksellers.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

LATER STYLES.



COMPLETE change is taking place in hairdressing this season. The round 'ban' which negligently adorned the nape of the neck, and which owes its popularity to its simplicity and the ease with which it could be done, is vanishing from the fashionable circles though the hair continues to be dressed low in the day time, because of the hats and bonnets, which require it. It is always done high for evening wear, either in knots or rolls, and the very latest style is an adaptation of the bows our grandmothers wore, and which, in their modified edition of '93, look very stylish and pretty indeed, especially with the hair parted in the centre, and crepé to the back. There are many varieties of it, and all equally becoming and effective.

The low, flat bonnets that came in early this season are now less often seen than those which have a little height beyond that of the indispensable feather or flower that forms the aigrette. Later on the large 1830 bonnet may reappear, but at present its aspect is not sufficiently dressy nor summer-like.

The hat shown in my first sketch is of fancy straw very much curved on either side of the brim, and trimmed with



cream-coloured lace and jet cabochons. The strings are in lace and silk muslin.

There is quite a rage at present for the Marie Antoinette fichu, both in black lace and in white, and often in silk muslin or chiffon edged with frills. The long ends falling in front are much more graceful and pretty than those shorter ones that pass round the waist and tie at the back, where they seem to have no connection with anything, and suggest apron strings rather than ornamental drapery. A fichu of old point is not a very common article of dress, and a lady of wealth and taste made a sensation by wearing one on a recent occasion with a bonnet also composed of old point stretched over fine cold wires. One of Princess May's wedding presents is a fichu of old Irish point, presented by the Countess of Shannon, a very fine and beautiful piece of work.

The pretty costume that is here illustrated is composed of grey bengaline, with a yoke of the new shape in cream-coloured guipure. The sleeves are also made in a new



way, which is a great improvement upon the old, the upper ones appearing to be quite separate from the lower. Two rows of black satin trim the collar, and a band of black satin encircles the waist.

Dresses are decidedly narrower in the skirts and much less bonchy below the knees than they have been of late. The favourite summer fabrics are printed muslins, accordion-kilted crepe or chiffon, chiné muslin, with the wraiths of old-world flowers in the subdued tints of the designs, chine and glace silks, the latter often striped with dotted lines in satin and surah or foulard. These last two materials must be good to look well. In cheap ones there is an amount of cotton that soon makes them look shabby and old, however well they may appear when bought. An amount of skill is brought to bear upon preparing shoddy materials for the market that, were it better and more honestly bestowed, would achieve important results in a beneficial direction. These cheap foulards look like inferior cotton fabrics after the first wettings they receive. They are certainly not worth the money paid for making them up. What is paid for the making of a gown will more than purchase the material for another, to say nothing of the extravagant manner in which many dressmakers cut up and waste the stuff. It saves time, they say, which is doubtless true, and it is not to their interest to economise, as it would be that of the proprietor of the dress length.



WORN AT AN AFTERNOON 'AT HOME'

The fancy for thin materials over silk is still as strong as ever, and the third illustration is of one which was worn by a hostess at an afternoon 'At Home' last week. It was made of Indian embroidered muslin—very transparent and very soft and white—with Valenciennes lace edging each flounce, and headed by yellow bébé ribbon the colour of the silk—underneath, just giving a soft tone to the whole. The big puff sleeves were transparent, and ended in a lace frill. A lace edged fichu was fastened in a point half way down the back, and, crossing over in front, was carried round to the back again, where it was fastened with a careless double bow. A collar and chemisette of lace filled in at the throat, but this, I heard, was removable, so that the dress could be used for evening entertainments as well.

It is reported that a new material for autumn and winter dresses, representing this favourite lace-over silk style, is being manufactured in two or three shades of woollen goods, such as petunia ground with a black lace pattern woven over it, or green with a black canvas effect. They will be very pretty, and eagerly welcomed for smart winter frocks; but it is early yet to talk of winter frocks, and at present the genuine transparency over silk is the most suitable, and when trimmed—as so many of them are—with bright bébé ribbon, they are very dressy and suitable for all and any occasions.

It is noticed that the ladies of the Comédie Française wear much smaller hats than those of Englishwomen, whether on or off the stage, and that their skirts have much less circumference about the hem than those worn by our own countrywomen. This would seem to indicate that we are more prone to exaggerations and eccentricities than the Parisians, and no one can deny that good taste abhors and detests such devices as the huge sleeves and monstrous collars with which Fashion has been garbing the daughters of Alhion, to say nothing of the size of the hats, which is often out of all proportion not only to the size of head, but the dimensions of the entire figure. Nearly all the large hats are now made with a band of velvet underneath the brim resting on the hair, so that the hat is raised well off the head. This is found to be much more becoming to some faces than the old method. Occasionally this band is covered with flowers, and sometimes it is formed into a coronet of jet or steel.

THE LATEST FOR LITTLE ONES.

A quaint little long frock, which one who delights in odd designs and who can afford enough change to render such things inconspicuous might wish to copy, is for a child two or three years old. It is of the dotted Swiss with four deep flounces which extend from the bottom of the skirt to the waist. The waist, worn over a guimpe, is very short. It has but little fulness, and is finished with a belt of insertion through which two rows of narrow white satin ribbon are run smoothly and fastened with a rosette at the back. The guimpe sleeves are very full with square cape.

GUIMPES.

There is a change in guimpes. They are no longer full, and but few silk ones are shown. They are of embroidery or lace, and set smoothly front and back. The favourite summer lace for children is point d'esprit.

Point de gene is considered too heavy for lawns, though it may be used with crepon or silk. Narrow valenciennes is used for finishing the bretelles or ruffles of chaubray or gingham, but it is not fashionable for dress costumes.

A WHITE NAIN-SOOK.

A simple little frock for a child of eight is of white nain-sook with a deep hem finished with hem stitching. The waist, worn with a guimpe, consists of four wide box pleats back and front, with a deep bertha of point d'esprit fastened up at the shoulders with loops and ends of white satin ribbon. The satin belt passes smoothly about the waist, tied at the back and looped like a sash, though the ends are not more than half a yard long.

GINGHAMS AND PIQUES.

Plaid gingham are serviceable. New effects are obtained this year by trimming them with coloured embroidery to match the ground colour. These embroideries can be had in red, pink, three shades of blue, and in yellow; chambrays to match them are sold for yokes, cuffs and girdles. Square yokes are used for white gowns, but round yokes for all others. The reappearance of piques gives mothers one more serviceable material suitable for afternoon wear. The most popular way for making them is with zouave or Eton jackets over lawn vests. The still waistcoats so fashionable for ladies are not shown even for misses.

HELOISE.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

The font is always one of the most difficult parts of a church to arrange satisfactorily. The following idea is rather new, and does not prevent the font being used for its proper purpose if necessary. Remove the cover and fill the font to the brim, cover the edge with moss and let some ferns dip over into the water. On the outer edge place a delicate little wreath of white roses and green and white leaves. Keep the inner edge entirely white, mingled with the green ferns, using for choice the lovely anemone japonica. These are—to weave your work into an allegory—the 'white flowers of a blameless life,' while the roses and their thorns may shadow forth the sorrows and temptations of this 'troublesome world.' In the water place a floating cross of white blossoms and light feathery ferns. Make the foundation of two strips of wood wired together. If cardboard were used it would soon soak through and sink.

HEALTH HINTS.

A GARGLE.—An excellent gargle is made of one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, half a cup of boiling vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix well together, and when settled strain. Gargle the throat every half hour, or as often as relief is needed.

Dr. Keeley says of the cigarette habit: It brings confusion to the brain and heart and a train of ills from which it is hard to recover, even though you stop the habit. I will not treat a man who persists in using the cigarette. It results in insanity and death.

Benefit may be derived from an ocean climate in persons suffering from nervous exhaustion and overwork, in impaired convalescence from an acute disease, and in diseases of bones and joints. To these may be added the early stages of hereditary phthisis, especially in a young person.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

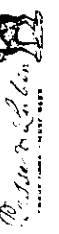
It is not a dye, but acts directly on the roots of the hair, giving them the natural nourishment required.

An absolutely perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing.



Beware of Imitations.

The Genuine is Signed



YOUR FIGURE SHOULD BE YOUR PRIDE. THE KEYSTONE TO ATTRACTIVENESS.

A CORRECT & NEAT FIGURE & CENTEE DEPARTMENT which ALL desire but few possess, a fine well proportioned appearance and correct *tout ensemble*. Those interested in its acquirement, improvement, and preservation should send a stamped addressed envelope to H. S. Co., Box 60, Dunedin, and full information, both valuable and interesting, will be forwarded in return. The process recommended ensures a healthy and most pleasing appearance and greater freedom and activity, and by elderly persons it rejuvenates and causes a more youthful tone and vigour, and it is applicable to persons of either sex.

## QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The RULES for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

### RULES.

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

## MENU FOR A SMART CHRISTMAS DINNER.

### DECORATIONS.

MALDEN hair fern and roses in bowls, alternately white and pink masses. Small specimen glasses with one lovely yellow or crimson half-opened bud in each, arranged on white onion folded in fan shapes with pink silk. Pink shaded fairy lamps or candles.

### MENU.

Stuffed Tomatoes.	Purée of Green Peas.
	Mullet à la Hollandaise.
	Chicken Cutlets à la Bivona.
Mutton Cutlets à la Française.	Iced Curry.
Roast Beef.	Roast Turkey.
	Vegetables.
Ox Tongue à la Princesse.	Ham à la Yorke.
	Celery Salad.
Plum Pudding.	Frozen Custard.
Cream à la Pompadour.	Red Currant and Raspberry Fool.
	Strawberry Champagne Creams.
Mace à la Pompadour.	Iced Coffee.
	Juleps.
	Wines.

**STUFFED TOMATOES.**—Halve some nicely shaped tomatoes remove the seeds and most of the pulp, and chop up the latter with grated bread-crumbs, a little grated cheese, a very little finely minced shallot, some grated or minced ham, chopped mushrooms if at hand, salt and pepper. Fill the half tomatoes with this mixture, sprinkle the top liberally with browned breadcrumbs, and lay a morsel of butter on each. Set them on a buttered baking tin, and bake ten or fifteen minutes. Dish them, and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over each. Any scraps of meat of any kind will do for this.

**PURÉE DE POIS VERTS.**—Boil a pint of green peas in water with a head of lettuce, an onion, a carrot, a few leaves of mint, and a sprig of parsley, some pepper and salt to taste, and a lump of sugar. When thoroughly done strain off the liquor and pass the peas, etc., through a hair sieve; add as much of the liquor to the result as will bring it to the right consistency, put the soup in a saucepan with a small pat of fresh butter; let it boil up, and serve with dice of bread fried in butter.

**MULLET A LA HOLLANDAISE.**—Pat the mullet, which has previously been well rubbed with a lemon, into a fish-kettle with plenty of cold salted water and a bunch of parsley. Directly it has come to the boil let it simmer gently from thirty to forty minutes, according to the size of the fish. To ascertain when it is done, lift up the strainer and insert a skewer into the fleshy part of the fish, and if the flesh does not stick too closely to the bone it is done. Then let the water drain off and serve garnished with lobster spawn and quarters of lemon, and the following sauce in a boat:—**Hollandaise Sauce:** Put 2oz. of butter into a saucepan; when it has melted, mix well into it a dessertspoonful of flour, and add gradually a teaspoonful of the water the mullet has been cooked in, which must be boiling, and continue to stir until the sauce is quite smooth. Be careful not to let it boil. At the last add the yolks of two eggs which have been beaten up with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste.

**CHICKEN CUTLETS A LA BIVONA.**—It is better to line the moulds with slices of cooked chicken. Should you only have a raw chicken to use, your cook, with a sharp knife, must remove the fillets from the breast of the bird, taking the skin from them, place them on a buttered tin, squeeze a little lemon juice over them, and cover them with a buttered paper, and cook in the oven for ten or twelve minutes. When cooked, take them from the tin and press until cold, when they will be ready to use. When cutting the fillets to line the moulds with, it is always better to cut the slices slantingwise, and they should be cut very thinly. The mould should be well buttered and the chicken neatly placed inside to form a lining. The chicken will not become dry and hard by being cooked twice, for the cutlets only take a short time to poach. When cooking the cutlets it is advisable to place a double piece of foolscap paper in the bottom of the sauté pan; and when cooking creams of chicken or veal the same thing should be done, and the moulds being placed on the paper the creams are not so liable to become discoloured during the time they are being cooked. The breast of an ordinary sized chicken will be sufficient to line eight or nine moulds, if care is used in cutting up the fillets, and the legs, etc., could be used for the farce. If the chicken were not cooked before lining the moulds it is quite sure to be tough and probably a bad colour.

**MUTTON DE COTELETTES A LA FRANÇAISE.**—Trim a neck of lamb neatly, tie it into shape, and put it in a pan with 1oz. of butter or clarified dripping, a bouquet, some sliced carrot, onion, turnip, celery, some peppercorns and cloves; arrange the meat on the top of the vegetables, lay a buttered paper over it all, cover the pan, and fry its con-

tents for fifteen to twenty minutes. Then add two wine-glassfuls of sherry; recover the pan, set it in the oven, and let it braise for an hour, keeping it basted, and adding by degrees a pint of stock. When cooked press the meat till cold, then cut it into neat cutlets, mask each with brown chauxroix sauce, and garnish with a star of hard-boiled egg, stuffing this with a few drops of aspic. Line a plain Charlotte mould with aspic, decorating the top with white of egg, chilies, cucumber, cooked tongue, etc., then arrange the prepared cutlets all round the mould, with the decorated side outward, and set them with a layer of aspic about 1 inch thick. Fill up the mould with a purée of mutton. Set this with a thin layer of aspic, and put it aside to set. Serve with a salad of tomatoes and cucumber. For the purée, pound till smooth 1lb. of cold roast mutton, mix it with a wineglassful of sherry, two table-spoonfuls of brown sauce, a teaspoonful of Liebig, and half a pint of good brown stock stiffened with 1/2 oz. of leaf gelatine. Rub it all through a sieve, and use.

**ICED CURRY.**—Take one and a half ounce of butter and place in a stewpan with three onions which have been cut up into small pieces, add a bunch of herbs, and fry the onions for about ten minutes, then add a dessertspoonful of Marshall's curry powder, three quarters of a pint of white stock; chicken stock is the best, and it should be well flavoured. The juice of a lemon, two table-spoonfuls of grated cocoonut, two green capsicums, and a dessertspoonful of tamarinds mix; let the whole cook along for the first half an hour, keeping it skimmed all the time. Reduce three quarters of a pint of aspic jelly to the quantity by boiling it fast, and then add it to the curry mixture and rub through a tammy cloth or fine hair sieve. When the sauce is cold, add two or three table-spoonfuls of whipped cream and some cooked sweetbread or chicken cut in small pieces. Fill some ramakin cases with the mixture, and then place in the ice cave for about ten or twelve minutes previous to serving.

**OX TONGUE A LA PRINCESSE.**—Slice some cold cooked tongue rather thickly, and coat it with mayonnaise aspic, and when set dish on *couronne*, and serve with a salad of cold potatoes, sliced tomatoes, and cucumber.

**HAM A LA YORKE.**—After it has been soaked for twenty-four hours, tie it up in a cloth which has been greased, and then put it into a braising pan which should have plenty of sliced vegetables, herbs and spices in it, and pour two tumblerfuls of sherry over the ham; place the lid on the pan, and let it remain at the side of the stove to cook gently until all the sherry has been absorbed; then cover the ham with good stock, and let it cook gently, allowing twenty minutes for each pound in weight. When cooked let the ham remain in the pan until cold, when the cloth must be removed and the skin carefully cut off and the ham trimmed. After this place it in a pan with about half a pint of sherry and place in the oven and continually baste the ham while it is being re-warmed, then brush the ham over with a little glaze, and serve a good brown sauce flavoured with sherry with it.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—Plum pudding is not considered 'dressed' without brandy butter, which new sauce is made at the table by the fashionable hostess. A silver basin containing a lump of butter and a wooden spoon is set before the host with orders to 'cream it.' That done, the lady adds a cup of fine sugar, a large glass of brandy, and the same generous quantity of sherry. The butter, which is not butter at all, is passed round in the basin and served from the wooden spoon with which it was mixed.

**FROZEN CUSTARD.**—Allow one pint of cream, one pint of milk, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of six eggs, and table-spoonful of lemon juice. Put the milk and cream in double kettle and let it come to a boil; beat the eggs and sugar together and stir into the milk; stir all the time until it thickens; take it off and add the lemon juice; when entirely cool, put it into an ice-cream freezer and pack ready to freeze.

**CREAM A LA POMPADOUR.**—Mix together 2lb of fresh strawberries with 1 1/2 lb of strawberry jam or jelly, 2lb of white sifted sugar, the juice of two lemons, one pint of milk, and one quart of cream. Put all into the freezing machine, and when frozen, turn it out from the mould by dipping it first into warm water. This cream may also be served in glasses.

**RED CURRANT AND RASPBERRY FOOL.**—Stew 2lb of the fruit, mixed with sugar to taste, for about fifteen minutes; pass them through a hair sieve, when cool mix with a cold custard made with one pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs; pour into a glass dish, and ornament with whipped cream and fresh fruit.

**STRAWBERRY CHAMPAGNE CREAMS.**—Pass some strawberries through a sieve, add them to whipped cream, and beat all together, and then place on ice for an hour. Serve in long glasses, and just before bringing to table stir in a table-spoonful of champagne to each glass.

**ICED COFFEE.**—Make about three quarts of good strong coffee, sweeten it with some castor sugar, and add to it about one quart of cream; stir it well together, pour it into a jug, and put it on ice till it is sufficiently cold. If milk is preferred substitute three pints of it for the quart of cream.

The Juleps will be described next week. A few of these dishes could be taken and an excellent plain dinner arranged.

## HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

EVERYONE is now thinking of preparations for Christmas—that most anxious time for all of us poor grown-ups with large hearts and small purses. It is all very well for the children; to them Christmas is a season of mirth and merry-making, of good cheer, and pleasant junketings abroad in search of pleasure, and delightful presents more or less unexpected. But to the grown-up folks, and especially to the feminine half of the community, it means a great deal of trouble, extra work of many kinds, and expense, and the old cry of 'Christmas comes but once a year, has a very different meaning to them. "And a very good thing, too!" says the worried housekeeper, as she surveys her purchases, and thinks of the number of mince-pies, puddings, and cakes that will be required of her before the festive season is over.

But though it means a good deal of trouble and a considerable amount of planning and prudent foresight on the part of those of us who are not over-burdened with wealth, still I think we all enjoy it after all, and all the more be-

cause of the kindly feeling, and good fellowship, and old memories extending through the years, which the very name of Christmas somehow wakes in the mind. I cannot imagine anything more bewildering and more tantalizing than to be suddenly placed in the midst of a shop full of Christmas novelties, with a certain number of presents to be selected and a very limited amount to cover them. Between the rival attractions, and the numberless fascinations of the show of pretty things one's ideas get so confused and one's mind so distracted that it is well if we can retain any idea of the number of presents we want even, let alone remember the different tastes of the recipients of our gifts.

And yet, half the value of a gift lies in its appropriateness and in the amount of thought and kindly feeling bestowed upon it by the giver. I think the best plan is to make out a list of the names of all those to whom you intend to send a present at Christmas, and the limit of expense for each, and then jot down one or two suggestions for each present according to the taste of the recipients or their wants, and thus equipped you can pass harmlessly through the dazzling displays of useless and inappropriate articles which yet are so pretty and so tempting. There are many trifles which you can make yourself and which are often more valued for this very reason, and cost far less, yet are more original and acceptable than some costly trifle.

For girl friends it is always easy to think of something at once useful and pretty, handkerchief or glove sachets, night-dress cases, lace and chiffon bibs for evening wear, and a hundred other things which a girl is always glad to have. I saw the other day some charming lace and chiffon fichus, or rather shaped tops with full sleeves to correspond, which would transform the plainest and severest of morning dresses into a thing of beauty for the evening, and which could be copied easily by clever fingers in less expensive materials for a girl's Christmas gift. Then for married women there are a thousand and one trifles for the beautifying of the home, any one of which would be acceptable and sure to be appreciated.

### HORSESHOE-CRAB LETTER RACK.

A convenient hanging-rack for letters may be made of the tough, thin, brown shell of the large horseshoe or king crab or lobster. Remove the horseshoe—the largest piece of the shell—place it on heavy pasteboard and mark around it carefully with a pencil. Cut this pasteboard back in a graceful curve, several inches higher at the top than your shell. Cover neatly with red silk or velvet paper, and glue the shell on, the points of the shell, of course, turning upwards. If preferred, the back may be left uncovered, and after the glue is dry the whole rack may be gilded.

Little white horseshoes are often thrown up by the waves. These can be mounted in a similar way for watch-cases to hang near the head of the bed at night. The back must be covered with velvet sottonly wadded, with a little gilt hook at the top to hold the watch.

### A PEN HOLDER.

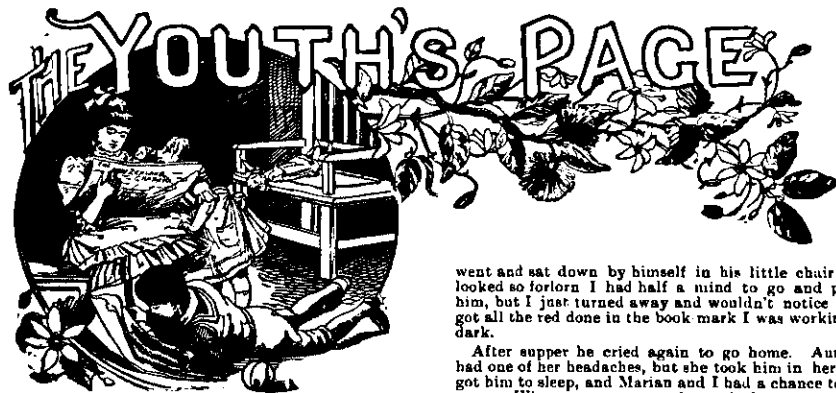
You can make a capital pen-holder of the stiff long tail of your crab. With your penknife cut off the wide end where it is attached to the body. Take the metal part from an old pen-holder and glue it firmly in the hollow tail. Put a pen in it, and try it before the glue sets, so as to be quite sure the three sides of the tail fit your fingers comfortably while writing.

Scallop-shells have been used for decoration ever since the days of the Crusades, when the pilgrims came home proudly wearing the scallop-shell—or, as they called it, the cockle-shell—in their hats in token of their visit to the Holy Land.



MADAME DE VERNEY.  
COURT DRESSMAKER  
FROM WORTH'S, PARIS.  
NO. 123, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

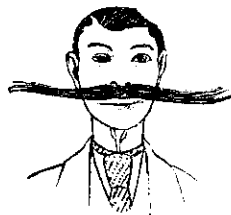
COSTUMES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION MADE IN THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. PERFECT FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED. MODERATE CHARGES.



## CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am glad you put my letter in. I hope I am not writing too soon again, but you said you would like to hear about the chickens. I have a little brown hen, and we gave her 13 eggs to sit on. When we came to look the next day she had only 7. What do you think had become of them? We couldn't tell. Just when these seven were chickens a white hen which we suspected had a nest somewhere appeared with 14 chickens, and six of them were my little Brownie's. She had taken away the eggs to a snug little nest of her own quite close to where Brownie was sitting. Wasn't it cool? I hope you will put this in.—Your loving cousin, MOLLIE.

[I think you should claim those six chicks, Mollie. They really belong to your hen, do they not? That white hen was what the Yankees call 'cute.' I hope your chickens will all live.—COUSIN KATE.



MY PICTURE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope all the cousins are quite well. A long time ago you asked all the cousins to send their photographs. I have sent mine. I shall be ten on the 16th December, 1893. Answer to riddle, December 2nd: (1) 'None, because they are all outside.' (2) 'Her pocket.' (3) 'To get to the other side.' Here are some sums to guess: 'From six take nine; from nine take ten; from forty take fifty. Each sum has a remainder.—Your loving cousin, WILBERT.

[I did not find a photograph in your letter, only a sketch of yourself (I suppose), by yourself (I feel sure). I do not think any of your relations would recognize a likeness, but still as you send it as your picture, I have much pleasure in putting it in the paper. I have not put your name under it, because I feel sure you have not done yourself justice. At least you appear to have a very old head for such young shoulders. Do you often make caricatures of people?—COUSIN KATE.

## THE WAY TO MANAGE BENNIE.

MAME SHORTLEDGE has a fever, and her mother has sent Bennie over here to Aunt Ann's for fear he'll catch it. Aunt Ann is going to keep him till Mame gets well if it takes two months, she says, because she is sorry for Mrs Shortledge. He sleeps in the trundle bed in Aunt Ann's room, and he looks so nice in his night-gown.

When he first came, Marian and I curled his hair and showed him pictures, and played with him all the time we were not in school. But after a day or two we got tired, and there were so many other things we wanted to do we couldn't be bothered with Bennie.

So when he came hanging around with his picture book we'd say, 'Oh, run away, Bennie! We can't stop to show pictures now. By and by we will.'

Then in a minute or two he'd come again, and say: 'It is bimeby now, Jamarian! That's the way he mixes our names up, because he hears Aunt Ann say 'Jane and Marian,' when she speaks to us.

Well, of course we couldn't stop to show him pictures when we had all our lessons to learn, and worsted work to do; and besides, I am learning to crochet. So when he kept teasing us, we'd say:

'Oh, do get out of our way, Ben! Don't you see we're busy?'

And once or twice we gave him a little push. It didn't hurt him a bit, but he went in a corner and cried, and Aunt Ann said we ought to have more patience. I felt sorry myself when I heard him sobbing: 'I want my mamma! I want my mamma!' For we had heard that very day that Mame was worse, and her mother was all tired out, but she couldn't leave her a minute.

So then I told Bennie I would show him ten pictures if he would let me alone afterwards, and Marian said she would give him a lozoge if he would let her alone, and so we got as much as an hour to do our own work in peace. Bennie

went and sat down by himself in his little chair; and he looked so forlorn I had half a mind to go and play with him, but I just turned away and wouldn't notice him, and got all the red done in the book mark I was working before dark.

After supper he cried again to go home. Aunt Maria had one of her headaches, but she took him in her lap and got him to sleep, and Marian and I had a chance to do our sums. When we went upstairs to bed we agreed that it was really trying to have a child like that in the house.

'It mixes up your duties so,' said Marian. 'It makes you feel as if you did wrong to learn your lessons and mend your stockings. I know Aunt Ann actually frowned at us when we were ciphering!'

I smiled under the bedclothes, for Marian never does mend her stockings till the very last minute before she puts them on, but I agreed with her that it was too bad to be made to feel selfish when we are doing the things we ought to do.

The next morning one of the girls in school lent us a splendid book to read, but she said we must finish it that same day, for she could not let us keep it any longer. So we thought we would read all we could at noon to get a start.

As we turned into our yards, there was Bennie watching for us at the window. He laughed and clapped his hands when he saw us, and we could hear him call:

'Jamarian! Jamarian!'

'There, now!' said Marian. 'He won't let us read one word. Let's go up garret and stay till dinner is ready.'

So when we went in we just laid our books and slates on the table in the front entry, and slipped up-stairs instead of going into the sitting-room. We found a nice place up in the west garret by the window, and there we sat side by side, reading as fast as we could, for nearly half an hour. It was a fairy-book.

'I wish I could be a fairy,' said Marian. 'I could make so many people happy. Either a fairy or a missionary.'

I thought it was very noble in Marian to want to do so much good, and when Aunt Ann called us to dinner we went down with our arms around each other, and felt pleasant toward everybody.

But the minute we opened the sitting-room door, Bennie ran to meet us, exclaiming joyously:

'See my pretty horses! I drew 'em all myself. Look, Jamarian!'

We looked down. It was my slate! He had got it from the entry table, and rubbed out all my sums that I worked so hard over the evening before, and that I was keeping on my slate for that afternoon's recitation. I was so provoked I could have shaken him.

'You naughty, naughty boy,' I cried. 'Now you've spoiled my lesson, and I shall lose my perfect card, and I do think it's too mean!'

A cloud came over his bright little face, and his lip quivered. I didn't care if he did cry. I thought he ought to after doing such a thing as that. I expected Aunt Ann would scold him, but she didn't; she only looked sad.

There was no time to spare. Marian and I ate our dinner, and went off to school as quick as we could. Before the bell rang I stepped up to the teacher and told her how Bennie Shortledge had rubbed out my sums, and asked her to excuse my lesson. She was a great deal nicer than I thought she would be.

'Certainly I will excuse you, Jane,' she said, pleasantly, 'and you shall have your merits just the same. Poor little Bennie! I suppose he doesn't know what to do with himself away from his mother. I am so glad he is with you and your aunts, you can make him so happy.'

I sat down at my desk, thinking to myself that folks didn't know what a trouble Bennie was; but all the afternoon I kept remembering how glad his little face looked through the pane when he saw us coming home, and how kind and sorrowful he was after I scolded him.

When school was out, and Marian and I went home, there was Bennie watching again, but he didn't call out to us. We clapped our hands and laughed, and then he laughed, too, and met us at the door. Something had come over us both, so that we did not want to push him away. We got the fairy book and finished it, and we let him see all the pictures. Then we wanted to do our sums for next day, and I thought to myself:

'Oh dear, now we shall have a time! But Marian said: 'Bennie, want to do sums, too? There's an old slate in the closet, and I'll give you a pencil.'

And then, don't you think, that little mite drew up his little chair and sat down just as sober, and made little marks and lines all over his slate till we had finished every one of our sums, and he thought he was ciphering just as much as we were. Then he trotted up to Aunt Ann for her to see, and she looked as pleased as could be.

Well, just that little thing, that seemed like an accident, has been the greatest help to Marian and me. We haven't had a bit of trouble with Bennie since, and we love him better every day. I wish he was my little brother.

When he wants to hang around us, we let him. When we are writing compositions, we give him some paper to scribble on, too. When we study our spelling, we give him a word to spell now and then. He spells like this: 'B I d, c a t.'

And when we work with our worsteds, we let him have a needle threaded and a bit of canvas, and he is just as busy as we are. He isn't any trouble at all, now we have found out how to manage him; and when he thinks he has done something pretty well, his voice sounds so sweet, as he calls out: 'Look! Look, Jamarian!'

M. L. B. BRANCH.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

ALL who have read the late Dr. John Brown's charming story of 'Pet Marjorie' will remember the great Sir Walter's love and tenderness for children; anything weak and helpless appealed to his noble and kindly heart. There is no more charming lesson-book in the world than Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' written originally for his little grandson, the delicate 'Johnnie,' of whom we have such frequent mention in Sir Walter's journal, recently given to the public. The two following anecdotes may serve to illustrate his kind and fatherly way with children.

My great grandfather's property was situated a short distance from Ashestiel, where Sir Walter lived before he built Abbotsford, and the two families were on very intimate terms. One of my grand-aunts, after a lapse of sixty years, loved to speak of his beaming smile, and the charming stories he used to tell her.

One day he came upon her unexpectedly as she was climbing a paling to cross a field on her way to visit her little friend, Sophia Scott.

'Trespassing, Maggie!' he cried. 'What will the Shorra say?' (he was sheriff of the county at the time); then, seeing her dismayed look, he added with a smile, 'But you ken that yer father's bairns can never come by a wrong road to my house!'

My next anecdote belongs to a younger generation. Sir Walter was then settled at Abbotsford, and his name had become a household word throughout the land.

One day, my mother, then a little girl of seven, and her sister, were told that their aunts were going to take them over to Abbotsford, where a great man lived, one who wrote books. That was in itself sufficient, one would think, to strike awe into their childish minds! And their grandmother gave them parting injunctions to remember what the great man said.

One can imagine the state of trembling excitement which they were in as they drove along in the great 'chariot,' all in their 'best becomes,' and how weary the little nites were before the eventful drive was ended, and the great building of Abbotsford came in sight; and how awe-struck they must have been when the 'great man' came out to greet them, his noble head bowed down with age and trouble, and the weary toil after wealth, which always seemed to slip from his grasp just as he reached it; and the two little girls in their short waisted frocks and big bonnets, clinging to their aunt's kind hand, listening for the words of wisdom which were to fall from the great man's lips.

'And what did Sir Walter say, dears?' asked grandmother, on their return.

'He said "that it was a fine year for the grass to grow," answers eleven-year old Mary Anne, while the other little voice cheeps out—

'Oh, no, Mary Anne; he said "it was such a beautiful day, Fine Ear might hear the grass grow!"'

Sir Walter had alluded to some fairy tale, so little seven-year-old's memory was the best of the two?

## RATHER TOO CLEVER.

A MAGPIE'S nest is a clever piece of architecture. Unlike that of most birds, it has a roof, which keeps its inmates warm; only a very small opening is left for the parent birds to go out and in. And how strong is the nest. A perfect feudal castle, with a wall of thorns around it, that an enemy would find great difficulty in passing. Well enough it may be fortified, for Mistress Mag has her enemies—greedy birds, to whom a baby magpie would be a dainty morsel, and with whom she occasionally has a battle royal in defence of her young. The nest itself is built of sticks, and is very large—that is, compared with those of most birds; inside, it is lined with clay, which keeps out every breath of cold air.

This is the legend that is told of the magpie and its roofed in house. In olden times a great number of the feathered tribe came to the magpie, and asked him to teach them how to build a perfect nest, for he was the only one who could manage it. Mr Mag was quite willing to lecture upon the subject, and began: 'First of all, my friends, you must lay two sticks across thus.'

'Ay, said the crow: 'I thought that was the way to begin.'

'Then lay a feather on a bit of moss.'

'Certainly,' cried the jackdaw, 'I know that comes next.'

'Then place tow, feathers, moss, and sticks in this way.'

'Yes, of course,' said the starling; 'everyone could tell how to do that.'

At last the magpie got vexed; and when he had finished half the nest he said:—'Gentlemen, I find you can all build nests, so you do not require me to teach you.' And away he flew. So to this day none but the magpie can build more than half a nest.

## BETRAYED THE SMOKER.

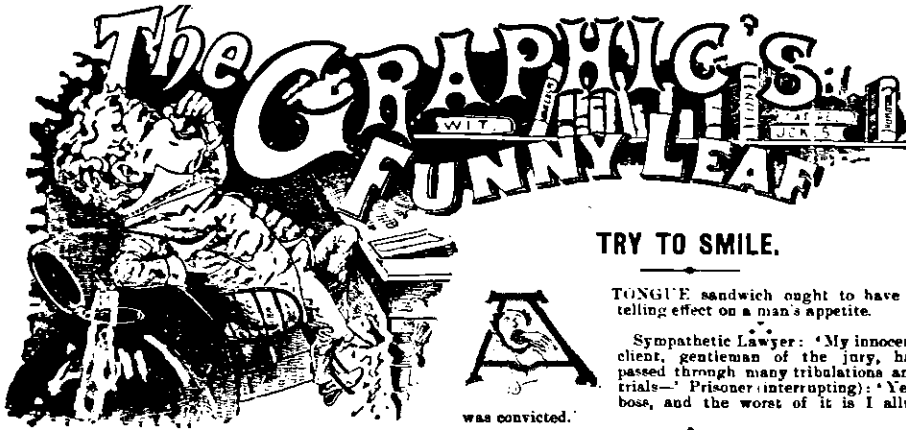
EVERY dairyman knows, or should know, how extremely sensitive are milk and cream to all smells in the atmosphere. The slightest bad odour is sure to be taken up and reported. In the last Annual report of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union is an interesting story bearing upon this point.

There were two brothers, both extensive butter-makers and exporters; one was an habitual smoker, while the other did not use tobacco in any form.

They both sold their butter through an agent on a foreign market, and the one who did not smoke always received a higher price for his butter than the other. Not being able in any other way to find out why this distinction should be made, they at last resolved upon the experiment of reversing the labels on the packages.

In due time a letter was received from the agent stating the strange fact of a very disagreeable taste or flavour in the butter belonging to the one brother, a taste which had never been known before; while the others, always with a bad taste before, was now pure and sweet, and worth two and one half cents more than his brother's on that account.

The brothers were now convinced that it was the odour of the tobacco which had invaded the butter and injured its value.



TRY TO SMILE.

TONGUE sandwich ought to have a telling effect on a man's appetite.



was convicted.

Sympathetic Lawyer: 'My innocent client, gentleman of the jury, has passed through many tribulations and trials— Prisoner (interrupting): 'Yes, boss, and the worst of it is I allus

SHE KNEW CHARLIE.—Tom de Witt: 'Whom do you think Charlie Mansford had his arm around last evening?' Bessie Floyd: 'Oh, the nearest young lady, I suppose.'

A CERTAIN bishop rebuked one of his clergy for hunting. 'My lord,' was the answer, 'every man must have some relaxation. I assure you I never go to balls.' 'Oh!' said the bishop, 'I perceive you allude to my having been at the Governor's party; but I give you my word I was never in the same room as the dancers!' 'My lord,' responded the witty parson, 'my horse and I are getting old, and we are never in the same field as the hounds.'

A KISS.

'Tis strange to think what celestial bliss Is centred in one transient kiss. The burning glow of hot red lips. The soft warm touch of finger tips; The thirsty, throbbing, thrilling pain To kiss the loved one yet again. The saddening sound of sobbing sighs. The flaming fire of flashing eyes. Are Heaven! But, oh! when the only one Has tackled a Spanish onion!

DON'T HANKER AFTER IT.—A worthy old farmer was open to bet that he could eat anything, and one of his boarders challenged him to tackle a crow. 'Yes, I ken eat a crow.' 'Bet you a hat you don't,' said the guest. The bet was registered: the crow was shot and nicely roasted, but before it was served up the jokers contrived to season it lavishly with snuff. Old Isaac sat down to his repast, and took a good mouthful of the crow. 'Yes,' he said, as he struggled with the delicacy; 'I ken eat crow, but I'll be— if I hanker arter it!'

OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE.

If ever the wonderful age comes round (Be that age or near or distant) When mothers-in-law by the law are bound To be creatures non-existent— That is to say, when an act unique Requires, if a pair get married, That the mothers of those who the altar seek Shall be to the halter carried: How, how, in that age—alack and alas!— Will the comic journalist earn his brass!

If ever an age comes round when 'booze' Abhorred with such hate intense is, That never a clubman is known to lose His balance, or lose his senses, While homeward bound: if an age comes round, 'When the topper and tie awry gone, And the lamp-post bugged, and the key unfound, Are matters of history bygone; How, how, in that age—alack and alas!— Will the comic journalist earn his brass!

If ever in England there comes a time When the law shall esteem it proper To charge the wretch with a capital crime Who pokes a joke at a 'copper': A time when our butchers are, one and all, With the honesty craze so smitten That the man will be bedlamed who dares to scrawl About sausages made from kitten; A time when some statute will gents restrict From tipping their hostelry waiter; When no bard by the editor-hen is kicked, No dupe by his darling's pater: How, how, in that terrible age—alas!— Will the comic journalist earn his brass!

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

HE was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque matter-of-fact man, who had no love for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars and various other insignia of dudedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:—

'Young man, you look like an idiot.' Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. 'Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?' he asked. 'Dear me, how much you resemble your father!' 'So he has been telling me,' replied Billy, smiling covertly.

From that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.



ONE FOR THE BARBER.

BARBER: 'Hair's very thin, sir.' Customer: 'It was thicker than that thirty years ago.' Barber: 'Indeed, sir, you surprise me! Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir.' Customer (bravely): 'Thirty yesterday.'



AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

ANGELINA (anxiously): 'Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?' Edwin (with cheerful conviction): 'Not a bit, I tell you what, Aopy, I miss it so little that if I was to lose you—a—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.'

MONEY NO OBJECT.

'I WANT a position,' he said as he entered the office. 'I'm sorry,' said the head of the firm, 'but we really have no need of any men at present.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said the caller cheerfully. 'I don't expect any salary. In fact, I'm willing to pay for the privilege of having employment.' 'What kind of a position do you want?' asked the merchant in astonishment.

'I don't much care, as long as its one degree higher than the typist and the office boy.' 'Why those two particularly?' 'Well, you see, it's just this way,' explained the caller confidentially. 'I'm married and have one child—a boy. Now that boy won't mind me, and his mother just laughs when I try to exert my authority. So I've got desperate, and I thought if I could get a position where the typewriter girl would have to obey me and the office boy would have to get up and hustle when I spoke, it would sort of square me with my dignity, which is rapidly getting away from me. Wouldn't do anyone any harm, you know and it would make me feel easier in my mind to realise that I was a man who had to be obeyed.'



DE KALF: 'Will I bet about it? Of course I will; I'll bet anything. I'll bet my head against yours if you like.' Mabel de Mure: 'No, thank you. I object to laying odds.'

THE WAY THEY WORK IN AMERICA.

A WELL DRESSED, smooth faced young man, whose card bore the name of a prominent newspaper, was shown in, and he took out a notebook and pencil, and said:—

'You are J. D. Blank, president of the U and V Railway. Full name, please.'

'Young man, have you any business with me?' sharply demanded the official.

'I have sir. I am the ordinary editor of the Flier. You will die within the next few years, and we want your obituary so that all we will have to do is to go to the pigeon-hole marked "B" and take it out when the time comes. I want your photo, of course. Please give me the full name, age, birthplace, a brief history of your early struggles, date of marriage, name of wife, and so forth, and so forth.'

The official turned red and white, and gasped for breath, and the young man coldly continued:—

'We want about a quarter of a column, including cut, which I guarantee to do you full justice. Which cemetery are you likely to be buried in? What's your religion? Have you made your will? Do you own a vault or only a lot? Going to have a monument, or only a common headstone? Troubled with any disease likely to carry you off suddenly? Strictly temperate or only so so? Belong to any societies, and what church do you attend? How many children?'

The president pointed to the door. 'Yes—um. But business is business. Likely to have a big funeral? What shall I say you are worth, clear of all debts? Honest, upright, and beloved by all, of course? Self-made man, kind husband, and fond father. Our loss is his gain. Got a passable photo of yourself lying around the shanty?'

'Young man, go out,' shouted the president; 'go out, or I'll have you put out.'

'You won't give me no advance obit.' 'No, sir.' 'No photo?' 'No, sir.' 'Don't want no eulo, when you shuffle off?' 'No, sir.'

'Sorry you feel that way, but I'm fixed for it. In case of your demise we'll use a photograph of the porter downstairs and work over the history of the engine driver who was killed a month ago! Got to have these things, you know, and the Flier never gets left on a pigeon hole obituary. Good day, sir!'



KISS THE BOOK!

SHE: 'Do you really mean what you say?' He: 'I swear by those sweet eyes and rosy lips—' She: 'Very well; you've sworn, now why don't you kiss the book?'